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ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT COBURG FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE GRAND DUKE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In Germany, we are told, it has been decided to give hotel waiters some sort of distinctive uniform, if it be but so many stars on their coat-collar. In this way the head waiter will be recognisable at sight, which will be a great convenience in ordering wine or selecting a table. The table-d'hôte head waiter differs from him of the coffee-room, and he again from him of the private rooms; but as matters stand there is no knowing which from which, and the tips we give are too often pocketed by the wrong man. At present there is no one whose personality is so utterly lost as that of the hotel waiter, a circumstance which, if he knows his business, is greatly to his disadvantage. A man may have waited on us well and willingly for weeks, but if, as often happens, he is shifted to another room, we know not how to ask for him on our departure, and he loses his gratuity. Even the figures at Madame Tussaud's have a numeral which connects them with the catalogue and secures identification. What is of more consequence to the visitor than the attendant in the latter having some distinctive badge is that there will be no longer the risk of asking a member of Parliament or even a peer of the realm to get us a soda-and-brandy, and to be quick about it. Though it is absurd of them to do so—since Nature has not hallmark them with her guinea or even half-guinea stamp—they resent this error, and no little unpleasantness often results from it. If the peer were to wear his stars, the mistake would not, of course, occur; but as he seldom does this when staying at an hotel, it is better that the waiter should do it.

In politics, it is said, there is no gratitude; the remark may be carried further—there is a great deal of ingratitude. Directly a seat has been won the victorious party begin to extol their principles at the expense of their candidate. Twenty-four hours before the result is proclaimed they could not speak too highly of him: he was an angel sent from heaven to frustrate the designs of that imp of Satan his opponent. When he has beaten him he becomes a nobody: his chief political value, indeed, is the fact that he was so; for, whereas the other man was the strongest that could have been selected, the most popular, in the locality, the richest, the cleverest, and the most philanthropic, an unknown man had beaten him with the simplest weapons, as David smote the giant Goliath with a sling and a stone. It was a triumph of principle against local interests. There is only one parallel to this course of conduct—in the behaviour of the defendant's advocate in a breach of promise case. He paints him as a penniless and worthless person, from whom any girl with self-respect may consider she has had a happy escape. He cannot like it; it is impossible he can like to have this picture drawn of him, as it were, from life, as he sits by the side of his solicitor (who endorses every word that is said); still, he knows that it is done for his good, and in mitigation of damages. But the new M.P. knows nothing of the kind; self-sacrifice is one thing, but to be sacrificed by other people, even on the altar of principle, is quite another. It is his first taste of political ingratitude, and until he becomes used to it, it is bitter as gall.

Mary Ann has at last found a voice in *The Servants' Own Paper*, a respectable pennyworth that can compare for appearance with the best. One is curious to see how far the popular idea of this young woman's tastes is catered for by a journal that claims to be her organ. It provides, of course, stories, perfectly moral in tone, but not so aristocratic as might have been expected: one must confess to a feeling of disappointment in not finding persons of title in them. A physician has, of course, been retained for replying to questions about health; no "penny weekly" that respects itself and its readers can do otherwise; and also a barrister who has given his particular attention to the law of mistress and servant. Five shillings a week is offered for the best original humorous anecdote. In the meantime one is provided by the editorial staff. A coloured cook, expecting company of her kind, was at a loss how to entertain her friend. Her mistress said, "Cleo, you must make an apology," "La! missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin' to make it wid." There are also many moral axioms. "It is commendable to be a good housekeeper, but don't be a fussy one"; an observation very applicable to mistresses. There is to be a column devoted to character-reading from handwriting and also from photographs, but not a word about astrology. This is disappointing: one would have hoped that in addition to a legal and medical adviser for Mary Anne, someone would have been retained to study the stars for her.

A paper has been invented in Germany from which ink writing may be erased with a moist sponge, but its patent has been refused by the Government and its manufacture declared unlawful. As it differs in appearance from no other paper, it no doubt affords some opportunities for fraud. A will, for example, might by the sweep of a sponge be made to become literally "so much waste paper," yet on the other hand, it would be quite as easy to burn it. The properties of this invention seem the reverse of "invisible ink," without being of the same practical

utility. I remember quite a ghastly story told, of all places in the world, of the General Post Office, concerning the latter compound. A postman had long been suspected of stealing sheets of postage stamps, but the crime could not be brought home to him. One day he was found with a square foot or two of them in his possession, and confronted with his official superiors. He maintained, as on former occasions, that he had bought them for his own use. "What! these?" exclaimed his chief, at the same time passing a moist brush over one of the sheets, whereupon the blood-red words "Stolen from the General Post Office" started out like flame upon it. An eye-witness of the occurrence described it to me as most melodramatic, and the ingenious chemical contrivance at once brought the thief to his knees. By erasing ink with a sponge no startling effect of this kind can be produced. It is strange, and not perhaps complimentary to civilisation, that whereas our object seems now to obliterate, that of the ancients was to make writing permanent—

Who would not leave posterity such rhymes
As cedar-oil might keep to latest times?

alludes to one of the methods in use for this purpose. The Romans stained materials for writing upon with purple and rubbed them with exudations from the cedar.

Much indignation has been expressed against the hon. member who, in his place in Parliament, recently took a florin out of his pocket and proposed to pass it to an opponent. But, as a matter of fact, it would not have been the first time that money has been passed in the House, and in the very way in which it might have been expected—namely, from the Treasury to the Opposition bench. In an altercation between Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Pulteney, the latter told the Minister that his Latin was even worse than his politics, for he had made a gross misquotation from Horace. A wager of a guinea was instantly staked on the matter, and Harding, the Clerk of the House, being appealed to as arbiter, he, "with judicious solemnity," gave judgment against Sir Robert. The Premier threw the guinea across the table, and Pulteney held it up with the observation that "it was the first public money he had touched for a long time." At his death the coin was discovered, carefully preserved in a piece of paper, with a memorandum on it recounting the circumstance.

Appeals to the Speaker were quite as humorous in old times as in the present. After a division of the House on a motion of Mr. Fox, Sir George Young, who had been drinking all day instead of attending to his Parliamentary duties, insisted—"perhaps with the idea of making amends for having played the truant"—on addressing the House; but, beginning with "I am astonished," could proceed no further. When he had repeated these words seven times the Senate was convulsed with laughter. The Baronet appealed to the Speaker, who pleasantly inquired what he would have him do. Sir George grew very warm at this, and declared he would not give up his favourite word, "for," said he, "I really am astonished, Mr. Speaker." By the advice of friends, however, he was presently prevailed upon, after repeating the word about a dozen times more, to change it to "surprised," after which, "having entirely forgotten what he had intended to say, he sat down."

"Parliamentary language" is getting to be a synonym for what used to be called "unparliamentary language"; but it must not be supposed that there have not been other periods in the history of the House when its manners have lacked the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. We find, upon the question of giving a retiring pension of three thousand a year to Lord Sidmouth, an hon. member expressing his opinion that that nobleman was "no more fit for the situation of Prime Minister than any of the door-keepers of the House." The Marquis of Londonderry described this language as "the most disgusting and disgraceful ever heard within the walls of Parliament"; whereupon Mr. Brougham immediately rose and expressed his wonder that "any Minister should dare to address such words to a representative of the people."

Again, we are told that Mr. Pitt, on becoming Prime Minister, was "denied those civilities which had been invariably shown to the first Minister of the Crown," while his supporters were described in the House as "a legion composed of deserters, attached to their leader by no other principle than that of interest, and who, having deserted to him on that principle, would desert from him on the same grounds. Such," it was added, "were the component parts of the army that had triumphed over the House of Commons and conquered the Constitution."

Advertisements are not invariably composed to enhance the value of the wares they describe. We meet with them of all kinds, and many of them, so far from appealing to our love of gain, suggest, if not loss, great trouble and inconvenience, which only philanthropic natures can be expected to face. Here is one from a Church paper, inserted, no doubt, by some good woman who has done her best for a young person of her own sex in vain before

appealing to a Christian public: "Will anyone undertake, as servant, a bright, clean, neat girl, who is deceitful, lazy, and inclined to be dishonest?" Let us hope that somebody will. There is nothing, at all events, deceitful in the description of the ware the advertiser wishes to dispose of. The carefulness she exhibits to enumerate the virtues, such as they are, of her unpromising protégée seems itself a guarantee of good faith. One can fancy her saying to herself, "What can I say with truth in favour of this unfortunate girl?" "Neat, bright, and clean"—one could say as much of a drawing-room grate—and yet it is manifestly all that can be said.

Another philanthropic lady recommends a young woman as "under-housekeeper, aged twenty-two, energetic, domesticated, thoroughly trustworthy, great misfortune in losing right arm, but good artificial one." This, too, is very honest, for if the artificial one is so excellent, the substitution might never have been discovered. It is always most right and proper that any little loss of this kind should be confessed to. In one, I think, of Theodore Hook's stories, reticence upon this point ruined the happiness of a married couple from the first. The bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post-chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly, though he ought to have been thinking of other things. "What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters. "It is nothing, darling," answers the bride, sweetly: "it is only my wooden leg." Only that and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use; but the information put him out exceedingly and caused a coolness which was permanent.

There is not the smallest intention of humour in these advertisements, in which respect they offer a strong contrast to those of America, which even when in genuine earnest are often full of fun. The *Critic* is responsible for the following answer to an advertiser offering some seaside land for sale. The applicant can offer only a few dollars, but sends a synopsis of his autobiography as a thing likely to be interesting to a person having land for sale: "I have for some years chanced to live by the seaside, summer and winter. . . . I can teach, preach, lecture, sing, edit a paper, or chop wood, can set type or run a printing press or a mangle; have a daughter who is a clever musician on organ, piano, violin, typer. We are not religious beyond the breaking point. . . . What I know I know well. Am readily adaptable to scientific or hayseed circles. . . . Am not in politics, but would make an excellent race for them or school honours in a bright settlement, provided there was only one candidate in the field." If I had "seaside land" to sell I would let this many-sided individual have some in my neighbourhood at a reduced price.

There have been many elegies upon the loss of the Victoria, written by persons afar from the scene of the catastrophe; but a Maltese poet, with the advantage of propinquity, has surpassed them all—

Noble ship, who will not mourn thee,
Named to record Victoria's jubilee?
But to be swallowed by the sea,
Hard by the coast of Tripoli.
Your country, first upon the ocean,
Mourns with sad and deep emotion;
Rammed while at peaceful evolution,
Who can give her restitution?

There is more of it, in no respect inferior to the above specimens. The question occurs to the admiring reader. What is it that causes persons to write such verses? It is certainly not education; perhaps it is inspiration. Doubtless some carping critic will be found to express his opinion that posterity will forget them, but in that case posterity will unquestionably be the loser.

It is said, with some touch of scorn of our insular ways, that "things are done differently in France," but not always better. The railway passenger, indeed, is better done there, but only in the sense of more completely done—done brown. His luggage is stolen and he gets no compensation; he finds the guard a very different being from that pink of civility in England, and he can never get accustomed to the Customs. The last feat of a French station-master has been to decide that an article of luggage placed on the seat does not keep your place in a railway-carriage. This to persons travelling alone, and who have nobody to keep their place for them, must be indeed delightful. In England this right is never questioned, though in some instances it is abused. It is recorded of a certain hair-splitting bishop who was accustomed to compose his "charges" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he invariably treated it as though it were a living *vis-à-vis*. The train being very full on one occasion, a would-be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room. "I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow-passengers, who, we may be sure, was not a curate. "What was not right?" inquired his lordship urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me; I did not say that it was taken; I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied'."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

In the debates on the Home Rule Bill, the brunt of the Unionist attack has been borne by Mr. Gladstone and Sir John Rigby. Mr. Morley has taken a conspicuous part, but the Opposition have rarely assailed him. They have concentrated their energies on the Prime Minister and the Solicitor-General. The cry of "Rigby, Rigby," has been a familiar and playful slogan. Most of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues have sat like disinterested spectators of the fray. Mr. Asquith, for instance, has enjoyed everything with sportsmanlike impartiality. Mr. Acland, supposed by Lord Stanley of Alderley to resemble a Bengal tiger, has disguised his taste for the pastimes of the jungle so completely that a child would not have hesitated to stroke him. Mr. Fowler looks like the benevolent lawyer of whom you read in the intelligence from the courts that he watched the case on behalf of the family. Sir William Harcourt has occasionally plunged into the tide of battle, and Mr. Mundella has sniffed it from behind the Speaker's chair. The Chancellor of the Duchy has rendered Mr. Gladstone considerable assistance on Constitutional points. It is a great thing to have written a book about the American Commonwealth when people are constantly alluding to American precedents; but Mr. Bryce must sometimes have wished that he had delayed the publication of his great work. When the Opposition grew weary of baiting Sir John Rigby, it occurred to them as an inspiration to make hay with Mr. Bryce's book. At all events, on the last night of the Report stage, this masterpiece made a sudden and remarkable appearance on the Parliamentary stage. Mr. Bryce had expounded the Ministerial view of the veto to be exercised by the Lord Lieutenant over the proceedings of the Irish Parliament. He had coached Mr. Gladstone, who exhibited an impressively familiar acquaintance with the functions of the Governors of American States. Then the Chancellor of the Duchy enlarged on the improving theme, but in the middle of his discourse there was a slight commotion on the bench where Mr. Chamberlain sits. "Dear me," said Mr. Courtney to Sir Henry James, "I think I remember something quite different from this in Bryce's immortal volumes." "Go to!" quoth Mr. Chamberlain, "I know I can confute him out of the pages of 'Hansard.'" "Hie thee, gentle Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," whispered Sir Henry James—"I mean, look sharp, young Austen Chamberlain and Parker Smith, and bring our chief all this damning evidence from the library."

Swiftly sped the messengers, and returned blithely with their booty; and presently Mr. Chamberlain, having neatly transfixed Mr. Bryce with one of that gentleman's own speeches, proceeded amidst the hilarity of the Opposition to quote a still more effective passage from the monumental history of the American Commonwealth. It was a brilliant exploit in that form of debating in which Mr. Chamberlain excels. The materials were actually put into his hands when he was on his legs, for it is no easy matter to find exactly what you want in a voluminous historical work at five minutes' notice. Mr. Bryce sat and smiled serenely as a man can smile when he is being roasted at the stake; but Mr. Morley looked grieved, and Mr. Gladstone was flushed with anger. Whether he was mentally confounding Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Bryce's ill-timed studies in American Constitutional law, I do not pretend to say; but I have a suspicion that he saw half-a-dozen ways of wriggling out of the difficulty, and despaired of making the blandly smiling historian at his side comprehend any one of them.

I do not know whether any possible candidates for the post of Lord Lieutenant under the Home Rule system listened to this debate, but I can imagine such an unfortunate rising in the Peers' Gallery and feebly remarking, "Lead me away, please; this is too much for an overtaxed brain; take me out and feed me on theosophy." What a Lord Lieutenant might do, and what he might not do; what would happen to him if he did what he ought not or refrained from doing what he ought; whether he should veto a Bill as a whole or only a small piece of it; whether, to use Mr. Chamberlain's vivacious illustration, he should say to his Irish Ministers: "Look here, my fine fellows, it is no use for you to try this game—I've got the veto in my pocket!" whether he should addle his pate over Constitutional puzzles from morn to dewy eve, or take the boat for Holyhead and leave the veto to look after itself:—all these considerations must have made an anxious listener in the gallery over the clock pray that the responsibilities of the Lord Lieutenant would not fall to his lot. Probably Mr. Healy had his eye on this perturbed candidate, and said to himself, "Sure, and this will never do. His brain will give way if I don't make a diversion." So when the House was gravely discussing what the Lord Lieutenant should do if asked by the National Board of Irish Education to assent to the alteration of its fundamental rules, and when Mr. Chamberlain, a quarter of an hour before the closure of Report, had argued that the whole basis of education in Ireland might be altered at a stroke, up jumped Mr. Healy to fill up fifteen minutes with an exposition of these fundamental rules, and biographical sketches of the National Commissioners. The whole procedure was a deliberate burlesque of the attack on Mr. Bryce. An emissary had been despatched from the Irish benches to the library, and had brought back a ponderous tome from which Mr. Healy, with an unmoved face, proceeded to read. What were the fundamental rules with which the Lord Lieutenant in a moment of frenzy might be tempted to tamper? Well, there were forty of them, dealing with a variety of subjects, including bees and poultry. Why should the Lord

Lieutenant, as the representative of her Majesty, meddle with bees? Then there was the management of infants. What had her Majesty to do with infants? Then why should the Commissioners, who were half Catholics and half Protestants, want to alter their charter at all? Did the House suspect Lord Morris? What was the matter with the Rev. John Stubbs? Here Mr. William Johnston, amid roars of laughter, moved that the question be now put, and was solemnly rebuked by Mr. Healy for resorting to the "gag." A moment later the Speaker ended the parody by applying the closure, and so the Bill was reported, and emerged from the valley of the shadow of amendments on the seventy-ninth day of discussion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

The immediate succession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha has been accepted—contrary to general belief on the day following the death of the late Duke, which was noticed in our last—by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of our Queen and of the Prince Consort. It is understood that the accession of Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh's son, who will be nineteen years of age on Oct. 15 this year, is deferred in order not to appoint a Regency. The new Duke, on Aug. 23, at Rheinhardtsbrunn, Gotha, in presence of the Ministers of State and of the German Emperor, William II., took the oath to preserve the Constitution; and his declaration to that effect was, on Aug. 25, laid before the common Diet of the two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha by Herr Strenge, the Prime Minister, with a certificate of the demise of the late Duke Ernest. A proclamation has been issued by Duke Alfred.

The funeral of the late Duke took place on Monday, Aug. 28, in the city of Coburg, and was attended by the German Emperor, the King of Saxony, the new Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke of Baden

of Edinburgh, Princess Clementine of Coburg, and several other Princesses, with the ladies specially invited, had seats in the church. The Rev. Dr. Müller conducted the religious service according to the Lutheran form, and preached a sermon. After his final benediction, military salutes were fired by the troops in the arcades of the Castle square, and by the batteries of the fortress. In the afternoon, at the Castle, the illustrious guests were entertained with a banquet.

THE AUTUMN MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

The troops of the Aldershot Division, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, began on Monday, Aug. 28, to move north-westward to the tract of country, on the borders of Berkshire and Wiltshire, chosen for the autumn manoeuvres. The first march, to Hazeley Heath, was a short one, and, before setting forth, the troops were paraded and inspected by their commander-in-chief. The brigade of infantry that first started was a detached one, commanded by Major-General North Craelock. The commanders of the two infantry divisions, Generals Davies and Chapman, have constantly exercised them at Aldershot; so they will, no doubt, make a good appearance before the Duke of Cambridge, who is to inspect them on Sept. 2 and Sept. 4, and will, by their subsequent performance in the field, maintain the credit of the service. The cavalry manoeuvres, from Sept. 5 to Sept. 9, under the direction of Major-General Keith Fraser, will be on part of the ground used three years ago; but the whole space allowed for infantry and cavalry, measuring eleven miles by five, is thought scarcely adequate to the purpose.

A NORWEGIAN MUSIC-HALL.

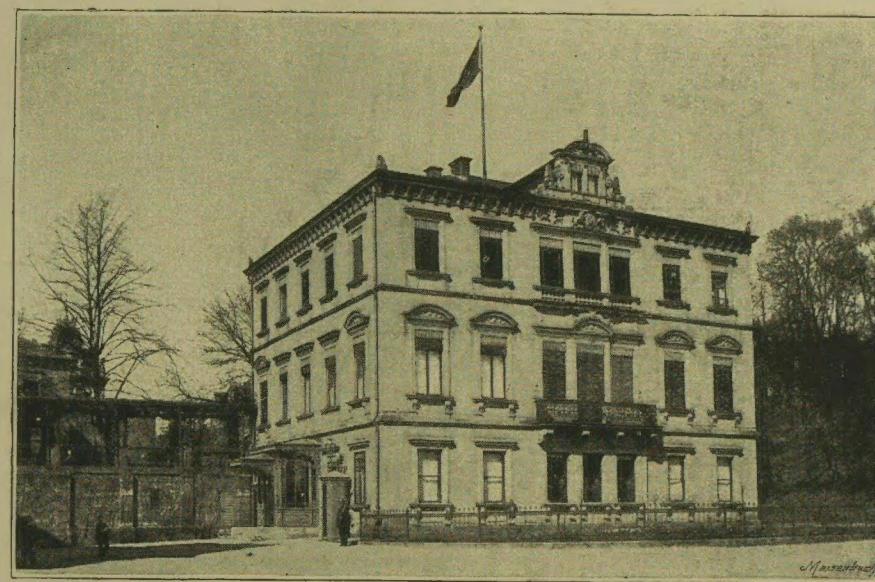
Nothing could be fancied less in harmony with preconceived ideal notions of the characteristics of Norway—the rustic and romantic, antique and mystical abode of Scandinavian legendary lore, of pastoral simplicity, of the fierce old Vikings and the sturdy independent peasants—the land of mountains, fjords, felds, rocks, streams, and cascades, the haunt of the reindeer and within the range of the Midnight Sun. Bergen, however, is a busy commercial town of forty thousand inhabitants, with numerous foreign visitors, mercantile agents, ship-captains, mates, and sailors, for whose entertainment, in the style which finds favour among some classes of city folk in other countries of Europe, there is a music-hall conducted not very unlike the attractions provided at the East-End of London, or in English seaport towns. The performers, indeed, are often English, French, and German, having wandered far and long over the world in the exercise of their vocal, instrumental, or comic talents; and they cannot for a moment be mistaken for representatives of "Gamle Norge." One man, seated in a kind of pulpit, is reading a funny story; the other figures shown in our Artist's sketches are such as may be seen, out of Norway, by those who can relish this sort of popular amusement.

MOATED HOUSES.

Romance and idyllic poetry, witness Shakspere and Tennyson, favour the now antiquated custom of surrounding a rustic mansion, situated amid broad meadows, with a moat or canal enclosing its gardens and outbuildings, originally for the purpose of defence. In England, rare examples of old domestic architecture, of earlier foundation than the Tudor period, are still found with it. Ightham Mote, six miles from Sevenoaks, in Kent, is not, we believe, so called from its "moat," which is a fine specimen of that arrangement, but from a "mote" that was formerly held there. Crowhurst Place or Grange, two miles from Godstone, in Surrey, built by the Gaynesfords, lords of the manor, in the fifteenth century, stands likewise in a small island formed by the moat, across which an old brick bridge leads the visitor to the house. This has become a farm-house, and the interior of the great hall is divided into several apartments, with a dining-room and bedrooms above, but portions of the old carved oaken roof and panelling of the inner walls remain. In Suffolk there is Gedding Hall, another interesting ancient mansion. Stokesay Castle, in Shropshire, the seat of the Ludlows in the thirteenth century, but afterwards belonging to the Vernons, and subsequently to the Earl of Craven, is partly in ruins, its tower being dilapidated and its hall used for farm offices.

VIEWS IN SAMOA.

The Pacific Ocean islanders, though altogether forming not a very large population, and very widely scattered over the greatest space of water on the globe, are frequently talked of by political rumour and controversy; and the Samoa group, latterly the chosen residence of a popular English novelist, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, has been the scene of civil wars and revolutions. Apia, the chief town, is situated in a bay on the north shore of the island of Upolu, with the hill of Vaia, 1500 ft. high, rising behind it. Halfway up this hill is Mr. Stevenson's dwelling. The residences of the native King Malietoa, of Baron Senft von Pilsach, Prime Minister and President of the Municipal Council, and of Chief Justice Cederkrantz, could easily be found by visitors. Two native factions, those of the Laupepa Government at Mulinuu, and of the rival Mataafa, have been fighting some time. The adherents of the latter, coming from the other islands, bring abundant supplies of food, pigs, fowls, yams, grain, and bread-fruit, while the German, British, and American Consulates watch the progress of affairs. The United States Government is erecting a trade wharf, iron sheds, and workshops in the harbour of Pago-pago. In the bay of Apia lies the wreck of the German gun-boat Adler, cast on the reef by the hurricane five years ago.



RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT COBURG.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, Aug. 28, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and their children, left Osborne House, Isle of Wight, for Balmoral Castle, and is expected to remain in the Scottish Highlands until November. The Duke and Duchess of York are the Queen's visitors at Balmoral.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, accompanying their brother the Duke of Edinburgh, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, attended the funeral of their uncle, the late Duke Ernest, on Monday, Aug. 28, at Coburg.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, after visiting the Norwegian Fjords, have proceeded by way of Christiania to join the Danish royal family party at Copenhagen, where the King of Greece and the King of Sweden will be visitors of the King and Queen of Denmark.

Lord Justice Sir Charles Bowen is to be raised to the peerage and to enter the House of Lords, having been appointed to succeed Lord Hannen, who retires from the office of a Lord of Appeal.

The Royal Commission of Inquiry on the opium question in India is to consist of Lord Brassey, Sir James Lyall, the Maharajah of Darbhanga, Sir William Roberts, M.D.,

Old Trafford, near Manchester. The Australians made scores of 204 in their first innings, and 236 in the second. The English team, in the first innings, got 243 runs, Gunn, who was not out, making 102 off his own bat; in the second innings they left off with 118, having seven wickets to follow, and wanting 80 runs to gain the victory. The bowling was very effective on both sides.

Several fatal shooting accidents have, unhappily, occurred at the opening of the season. On Aug. 25, at Penllergare, near Swansea, Mr. William Dillwyn Llewellyn, eldest son of Sir J. D. Llewellyn, Bart., was killed, apparently by his gun catching in the twigs of a copse where he was probably pursuing a weasel or some other animal. He had just been engaged to the Hon. Miss Rice, daughter of Lord Dynevor, and that young lady was to visit his father's house on the same day. At Elphin, in Ireland, Mr. Purcell, the resident magistrate, was killed by his own gun while rabbit-shooting.

In France, the elections to the Chamber of Deputies are being completed, in a few instances, by the second ballot. On Aug. 26 M. Waddington, ex-Ambassador to London, delivered an interesting speech at Laon. He expressed satisfaction that the country was rallying more and more to the Moderate Republic. There were, no doubt, among the majority many divergences of view, but it would be the task of the Government to assuage these differences and become the head of a united party. He suggested that the

The Portuguese submarine telegraph cable from Lisbon to Fayal, the Azores, was inaugurated on Aug. 27 by the King and Queen of Portugal, with the Ministers of State, at Carcavellos. It is thought possible that this line may be extended to North and South America.

Serious riots have taken place at San Sebastian, where the Queen Regent and infant King of Spain, and the Prime Minister, are staying.

The German Emperor was present on Aug. 24 at the unveiling of an equestrian statue to the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which has been erected in the castle garden of Schwerin. The late Grand Duke took a prominent part in the Franco-German War.

Cholera seems to be increasing in Russia. During the past fortnight there have been 1178 cases and 423 deaths in the Province of Podolia, 253 cases and 78 deaths in the Province of Tula, and 92 cases and 28 deaths in the Province of Yaroslav. In the city of Moscow, 171 cases and 74 deaths have occurred in three days. Cholera has also caused many deaths in Roumania and in Hungary.

Intelligence received from Northern Siberia announces that the Fram, with Dr. Nansen and his companions on board, arrived at Scharapow on July 29, and proceeded on her journey on Aug. 3. All the members of the expedition were well, and the prospects as to the condition of the ice in the Kara Sea were good. The latest telegram from Dr. Nansen is from Jugor Strait, which is the channel



THE AUTUMN MANEUVRES: SIR EVELYN WOOD INSPECTING HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY AT ALDERSHOT.

See "Our Illustrations."

Chamber should renounce for its members the right of initiative in regard to matters of expenditure and confine that initiative to the responsible Minister of Finance.

A Census of the number of foreigners in France for the year 1891 has been published, showing an aggregate of 1,130,211, of whom the Belgians are 465,863; the Italians, 286,000; the German, 83,000; Spaniards, nearly 80,000; Swiss, 83,000; Dutch, 40,000; and English 39,687. Of the whole number 236,000 are employed in agriculture, and 175,000 in trade.

A French notary at Montpellier, M. Jean, was assassinated on Sunday, Aug. 27, during religious service in church, and in presence of the congregation, by an elderly lady, who shot him dead with a pistol. She had lost her property by law suits, and had become insane.

There have been serious riots at Naples, and likewise at Vienna, arising from strikes of workmen. The Prefect of Naples published a manifesto announcing that the city was occupied by the military for the immediate repression of disorder. The garrison has been increased to 12,000 men. The soldiers were camping in the chief squares, the entrances to which were guarded by cavalry.

A trial of Socialists on the charge of exciting the populace to resist the authorities was concluded at Prague on Aug. 26. Seven of the accused were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. A riotous crowd surrounded the court, and could only be dispersed by armed police.

The Negroni Caffarelli Palace at Rome, near the Capitol, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, Aug. 26. It was inhabited by different private families, and contained the apartments of Monsignor Fausti, an official of the Papal Court, whose valuable library was entirely consumed.

separating Waigat Island from the mainland of Russia, and is the most southerly of the four possible entrances into the Kara Sea.

In the United States of America, Congress proceeds rapidly with legislation for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Law; a Bill for that purpose has passed the House of Representatives by 241 votes to 109, and has been sent to the Senate, which has another Bill to the same effect before it, adding a clause in favour of a bi-metallic standard of currency.

Great disasters were caused by tremendous cyclones on the Atlantic coast of America, on Aug. 23 and Aug. 24; hundreds of vessels were wrecked and many lives lost. A hurricane visited Savannah, in Georgia, on Aug. 28, destroying in that city alone property valued at a million dollars, the wharves, and the new quarantine station, and killing forty people. At Chicago, on Aug. 24, a destructive fire consumed five large blocks of buildings, stores, dwellings, dock warehouses, and two churches.

The insurrection or civil war in the Argentine Republic is not yet terminated. After the fighting at Corrientes, on Aug. 22, the Governor fled to Paraguay with a thousand followers. The insurgents have appointed a provisional Government to conduct affairs until the arrival of the Federal arbitrator whom the National Government has decided to despatch.

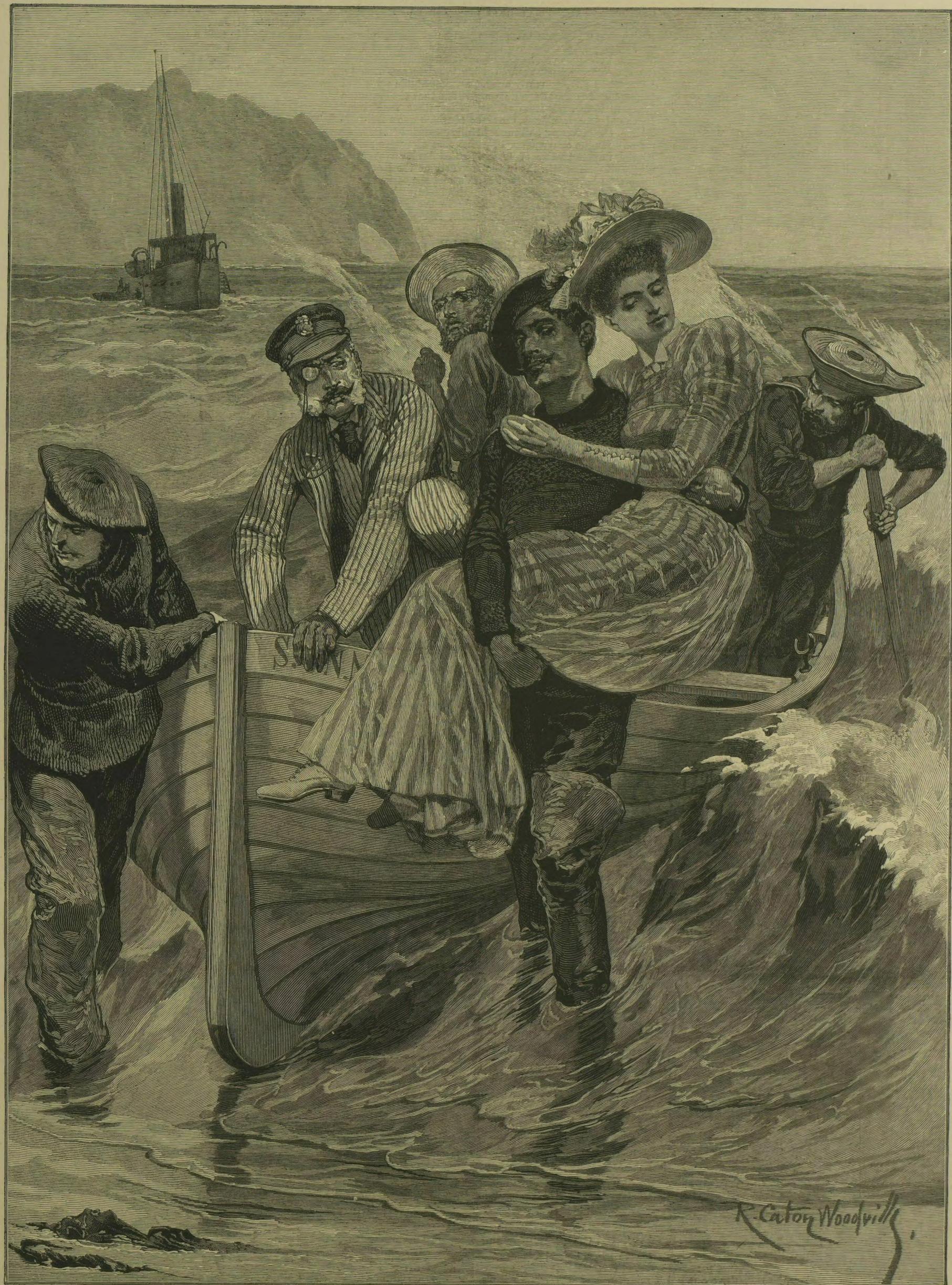
The French Commissioner at Bangkok, M. Le Myre de Vilers, is stated to be on the point of breaking off negotiations with the King of Siam, and threatening the return of the French gun-boats, to enforce new concessions which are now demanded by France. The town of Chantabun has been occupied by 450 French troops.

Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., Mr. A. Upton Fanshawe, Mr. R. Mowbray, M.P., Mr. Arthur Pease, and the late Dewan of Junagadh, with Mr. J. Prescott Hewett, M.P., as secretary.

The Manchester Ship Canal Company held its half-yearly meeting on Aug. 28, when Lord Egerton of Tatton, the chairman, said that all the chief difficulties of the work had now been overcome; the period of success had begun, and the canal would be opened early next year. The award of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, as arbitrator to assess the sums payable to the London and North-Western and Great Western Railway Companies by the Manchester Ship Canal Company in respect of the deviations of their lines rendered necessary by the construction of the canal, has been issued. The Companies claimed £450,000; the arbitrator has awarded £100,661, in addition to the costs of the inquiry, stated to be £25,000.

The collieries' strike in South Wales has not yet terminated, but most of the pits in the Aberdare valley are now working. Over 40,000 men have resumed work; 60,000 still remain idle. On Monday, Aug. 28, Mr. Ben Tillett made a speech at a meeting of 25,000 or more men at Pontypridd. No further acts of violence have been reported either in South Wales or in North Staffordshire. The ballot voting in the county of Durham does not show the requisite majority of two-thirds for a strike; the numbers are, to work on, 19,704; to strike, 20,782. A large majority of the Northumberland colliers have voted against a levy of the Miners' Federation to aid those on strike.

The third and last of the contests at cricket between the representative elevens of England and of Australia was left unfinished, for want of time, on Saturday, Aug. 26, at



PERSONAL.

The Government have done a very popular thing in conferring the vacant Canonry at Bristol on the Rev. S. A.

Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. As Mr. Barnett belongs to neither of the two militant parties in the Church, it is possible that his preference may obtain little notice, but to the general public nothing could be more gratifying than the latest exercise of the Premier's patronage.

For Mr. Barnett is not only a man whose charm of manner converts every acquaintance into a friend; he is also a worker of an almost unique type. It was in 1873 that he went to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, a parish on the borders of Spitalfields, close to the thickest array of common lodging-houses in London. The dishonest element is great; the Jewish element no less strong. It was a typical "slum" parish when Mr. Barnett went there; it is something very different now. The homes of the poor were his immediate interest, and in them, by the aid of many friends from the west, he has effected a marvellous change. Insanitary dwellings are now the exception where once they were the rule. East and west were also brought together by the foundation of Toynbee Hall, a centre of light and leading which has been a fruitful parent of similar institutions. Mr. Barnett's annual picture show is too familiar to need comment. His work on the Board of Guardians and on the committee of the Charity Organisation Society is less widely known. The general public, though little aware of the extent to which St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been a centre of new life in East London, are familiar with its Vicar as a writer upon economic problems affecting the poor. He has been round the world and inspected their condition in many lands, and has returned with a new stock of health and experiences for the benefit of East London. The new Canon was born at Bristol, where his appointment has been received with much satisfaction.

There is great joy in the Catholic world over the submission of Professor St. George Mivart to the Holy See. The Professor wrote two articles in the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of "Happiness in Hell," a doctrine which has been condemned by the Holy Office as contrary to "faith and morals." So Professor Mivart has bowed to the supreme authority of the Church, and the *Tablet* rejoices in this triumph of Christian humility over the man of science. At the same time Dr. Mivart is congratulated on his laudable if mistaken endeavour to reconcile science with the doctrines of the Catholic religion—a compliment which may excite some surprise among the advocates of "rationalism." However, an explicit statement from Professor Mivart of his candid opinion of the Holy Office would be interesting to everybody.

Mr. George W. Childs proposes to erect a memorial to Richard Proctor, who lies in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. A black granite monument will have a fitting emblem on its summit in the shape of a star. Besides a simple inscription setting forth the dates of the astronomer's birth and death, there is to be an epitaph by Mr. Herbert Spencer attesting Proctor's capacity for original investigation, and specially commanding him for his "endeavours to keep the pursuit of science free from the corrupting and paralysing influence of State aid." Evidently Proctor was less notable as an astronomer in Mr. Spencer's eyes than as an individualist. To have resisted the endowment of scientific research may be a greater merit than to have discovered a new planet, but to many people this theory has nothing to do with astronomy.

The personal characteristics of Dr. Charcot, whose portrait we publish to-day, have been made familiar to our

readers by Mrs. Emily Crawford's article in our last number. It is a striking proof of the great physician's influence over his patients at the Salpêtrière that, as Mrs. Crawford has related elsewhere, two women rushed into the matron's room in tears, crying that they had dreamed their doctor was dead, and at that

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

THE LATE DR. CHARCOT.

moment the matron was reading a telegram announcing the event. This incident would probably have pleased Charcot more than any other tribute to his personal force. He spent a considerable part of his life in the study of neurosis, and it is said by some of his friends that he found this disease

everywhere at last, especially in the naturalistic school of French writers. It devolves on a biographer to give to the world a complete account of Charcot's contributions to the science of pathology.

The Parliamentary caricaturists are looking to their thews and sinews. After a recent episode in the Lobby of the House of Commons none of them can be sure that he may not be accosted at any moment by an indignant M.P. exclaiming "Did you draw this shameful picture of me, Sir? Do you see any resemblance between me and the degraded creature you have here depicted?" At this point the caricaturist must make up his mind to say humbly, "No, Sir, I do not; really a most unaccountable error," or "Yes, Sir, it resembles you strongly, and the only objection I see to it is that, if anything, it is rather flattering." In an old American farce, the scene of which was a railway-station, the company had thoughtfully provided "swearing rooms" for the convenience of passengers who were ruffled by the unpunctuality of trains. The Serjeant-at-Arms might allot an apartment in the precincts of the House for interviews between aggrieved M.P.'s and the caricaturists. Singlesticks and boxing-gloves might be furnished at the expense of the country, for nobody in the House would dream of objecting to the vote when it came up in the Estimates.

Sir George Osborne Morgan, M.P., accompanied by several other representatives of Wales, lately unveiled, at Tregaron, the monument of the late Mr. Henry Richard. He was a well-known member of the House of Commons for a Welsh constituency, the indefatigable Secretary of

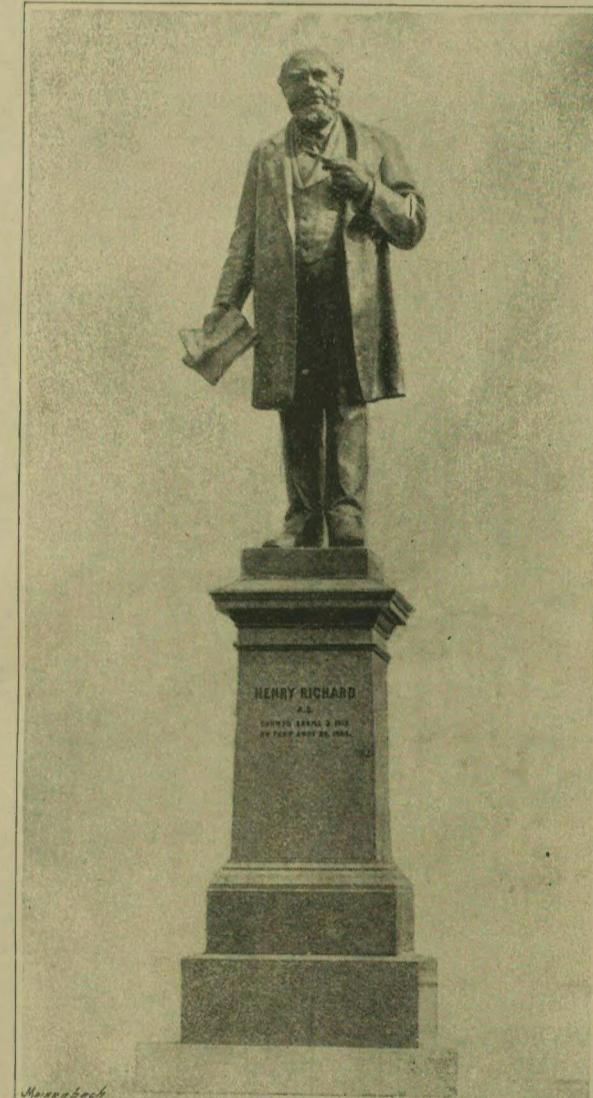


Photo by J. Thomas, Liverpool.
STATUE OF THE LATE MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P.

the Peace Society, and an uncompromising opponent of Church Establishments. This is a not undeserved memorial of a sincere and consistent public career. Mr. Richard was originally an Independent minister—what would now be called "Congregationalist"—and preached in a chapel at Camberwell fifty or sixty years ago, but, like Mr. Edward Miall, was drawn into political life by his zeal for principles which were associated with the religious convictions of that active body of English Dissenting Christians, and which they felt bound to advocate in national affairs, forming a distinct branch of the general movement towards Radical Reform. The ideal of "the voluntary system" in the support and conduct of religious institutions, and the sentiment of detestation of military establishments, were in those days far more vehemently expressed by earnest Dissenters than they are now, on the public platform and in the controversial press. Mr. Richard was a typical representative of such opinions, and few men worked more strenuously to give effect to them.

The successor to Cardinal Lavigerie, Monseigneur Combes, Archbishop of Carthage, has already proved his fitness for the post. Born fifty-four years ago at Marseillette, he spent most of his youth at the Saint-Eugène Seminary, a large religious college situated some three miles out of Algiers. From there he went to Komba, where he remained three years, and finally took orders, being immediately after given charge of a small African mission. It was while acting there as a simple village priest that he attracted the attention of Cardinal Lavigerie, during one of the latter's episcopal progresses through his diocese, and on his thirtieth birthday l'Abbé Combes was appointed private secretary to the great African prelate. His powers of organisation soon proved of the greatest use to the Cardinal, who, after making him his vicar-general, finally gave him the bishopric of Constantine, where for twelve years he was

his old chief's most ardent disciple and fellow-worker. The French Government is said to have been very pleased at Monseigneur Combes' nomination, for he is ardently patriotic and has done his best to establish French schools among the Arab populations; he is also credited with Liberal principles.

M. Zola is understood to have accepted an invitation to the Institute of Journalists' Conference in London. He has been asked to read a paper, and doubtless will have to pay the penalty of greatness in the shape of postprandial oratory. The author of "Dr. Pascal" is not acquainted with the English language, and therefore it is possible he will decline both these honours.

Trumpet-Major Henry Joy, late of the 17th Lancers, who has recently died at Chiswick, was slightly wounded

in the heel in the famous charge at Balaklava, on Oct. 25, 1854; he had two horses shot under him, and came out of the fight on a Russian horse. He entered the Army in May 1833, joining the 17th Lancers as a boy in the band, and served in the same regiment twenty-eight years. At the outbreak

of the Russian War he sailed with the regiment for the Crimea, and was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. It is proved by a testimonial from General the Earl of Lucan, who commanded the Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea, that Trumpet-Major Joy was his trumpeter on the day of Balaklava; and a letter of sympathy with the family, written only a few days ago from Sir George Wombwell, who was present at the action, says, "I heard him sound the order for the charge." This he undoubtedly did, and the bugle is in the possession of the family at the present time. After the battle he was sent into the Russian lines with a flag of truce, conveying messages and necessities for some of our officers who were taken prisoners. He was brought before General Liprandi, the Russian Commander, who received him well and ordered refreshments to be given to him. When lying ill in hospital at Scutari he was offered a commission; but felt that with his large family he would not be able to support the dignity of his rank as a commissioned officer, and it was better to decline. He possessed, of course, the Crimean medal and four clasps, the Turkish, good conduct, and medal for distinguished services in the field.

It is a pity that a courtly old cockatoo in the parrot house at the Crystal Palace cannot read the *Spectator*. He would greatly relish a letter in that journal from a lady who describes how she took her little daughter to see the parrots, how the child yearned for a beautiful yellow feather in the cage beyond the reach of hair-pins, how the cockatoo in the most courteous way picked up the feather and presented it through the bars, and how he was rapturously rewarded with cake. His enthusiastic admirers evidently do not suspect that he has made a lifelong study of mammas and little girls and paper-bags, and that, in the vernacular of the clown at the seaside, he knows the art of "playing up to the kids." We are greatly afraid that he is capable of going so far as to pluck out the plumage of weaker birds, and keep them in readiness for the susceptible matrons who rush into the *Spectator* with anecdotes of feathered chivalry.

An esteemed Bishop of the Irish Protestant Church, the Right Rev. William Bennett Chester, D.D., has died.

He had, during nearly ten years, presided over the widely scattered diocese of Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert and Kilmaclugh—comprising portions of the counties of Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Galway, King's County, and Queen's County, with forty or fifty benefices. There is a Cathedral at Killaloe, with a Dean and Chapter; and Killaloe, on the Shannon, partly in Clare, partly in Tipperary, is a little town of a thousand people. Dr. Chester, son of a rector of Ballyclogh, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, gained some distinction as a scholar, was ordained, and held five different rectories in Ireland successively; became a Canon of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Rural Dean and Archdeacon of Killaloe, and in 1853 succeeded Bishop Fitzgerald. As a clergyman he was much respected.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. CHESTER,
Bishop of Killaloe.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dramatic editor of one of our most popular newspapers has recently commented on the extraordinary, wild, inaccurate, and glaringly improbable stories that are circulated whenever a new play is announced for production, particularly if that new play happens to be the work of an author in the first rank. Sometimes these wholly true, half-true, or radically wrong paragraphs are inspired, sometimes they are half inspired, most frequently they are wild shots fired at random and in anger that no inspiration has been vouchsafed to the energetic newspaper compelled by sheer force of competition to fire into the air. How Mr. Pinero must laugh, how Mr. Henry Arthur Jones must chuckle, how Mr. Carton must weep in silent sorrow, how Mr. Haddon Chambers must rend his seaside garments when their astonished eyes fall upon paragraphs that remind me of the children's game of "hot boiled beans and very good butter"! The plot of the play is hidden in some corner, and the dramatic journalists are sent on a dance, chasing one another, and treading on one another's heels, until the author or the manager cry out to these searching children, "Warm," or "Cold," or "Warmer," or "Very cold indeed."

order to put a plum in his neighbour's mouth. These two inspirations make Mr. Uninspired Critic No. 1 extremely angry. He longs for ginger hot in the mouth, and writhes against the withheld inspiration. So he makes a shot. Mr. Jones has evidently seen a French play of the Chaucerian period, in which Coquelin played the Devil. This arouses the fury of Mr. Uninspired Critic No. 2, who makes a shot at Boccaccio and the story of patient Griselda, reminding us that Miss Braddon has already used the subject for a drama at the Princess's Theatre—a very beautiful drama, by-the-way, but unsuccessful, as ill-luck would have it. Now comes the time for another plum to be thrust down a critical throat.

Inspired Critics No. 1 and No. 2 already know all about the shipwreck, but they have been sworn to secrecy. So out comes Mr. Inspired Critic No. 3 with the statement, preceded by a bluff "Ha! ha! I dare say you fellows know all about it, but you don't know what I know, and that is, that the new Haymarket play is to have a splendid shipwreck, and that the Devil is to appear and disappear in a miraculous manner!" But the game is not nearly played out. Mr. Inspired Critic No. 4 is allowed to announce that the waves are no longer to be tossed by submerged supers, but they are to be the only original waves ever known on the English

hundred yards in a cab, but you can enjoy yourself to your heart's content over the best entertainment for six shillings. And I maintain that six shillings is enough, and more than enough, for the very best average entertainment that London can give. America reserves to herself, as London might reserve to herself and as the provincial theatres always reserve to themselves, the right to increase the prices if there is a rush to see some success or if the public prefer to pay ten shillings and sixpence instead of six shillings. But the argument for a general ten-and-sixpenny stall is indefensible. The price is too dear for the article given. I am not surprised that people prefer to give five shillings for the *ordinary* music-hall entertainment, because it is infinitely better than the *ordinary* theatre entertainment. When a manager discovers something extraordinary, then he can put his stalls up to half a guinea, or a guinea, or anything he likes. The theatres in America are full night after night because the prices are reasonable; the theatres in London are empty night after night because the charges are unreasonable. I hear someone saying, "All very well, but think of the manager's expenses!" That is his business, not mine. If he chooses to mount his plays in a ridiculous fashion and to give absurd salaries to amateurs, I repeat, that is his business. But the public does not want to pay a preposterous price

THE MAYOR OF BRISTOL.



OPENING OF THE BRISTOL FINE ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.



THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Take the case of "The Tempter," now in rehearsal at the Haymarket, a play which we all trust will not only sustain but aggrandise the fame of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The time comes for a preliminary boom of "The Tempter"; excitement must be fostered and nurtured. The public appetite must be whetted. One morning Mr. Inspired Critic No. 1 comes out with the announcement that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written a play, for the first time partly in prose and partly in verse, and that he has chosen the period of Chaucer, the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the Tabard Inn. Now, if Mr. Inspired Critic No. 1 were a dishonest man, he could, to put it vulgarly, "blow the whole gaff at once." He knows at the very outset that the play is to be called "The Tempter," that in the play Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to play the Devil, that it is to contain a sensation shipwreck, and, in fact, were he not sworn to absolute secrecy and put upon his word of honour, he could on his own account render every other inspired paragraph a work of supererogation. But Mr. Inspired Critic No. 1 keeps his pledged word, and simply announces that Chaucer, the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the Tabard Inn are in the dramatic air. Scarcely is the ink dry on the announcement of Mr. Inspired Critic No. 1 than he sees that they have been at work with Mr. Inspired Critic No. 2. He is graciously permitted to announce that Mr. Tree is to play the Devil, a fact known to Mr. Inspired Critic No. 1, but withheld from him in

stage. This is the cue for a dozen old stagers who remember "Acis and Galatea" both at Covent Garden and the old Princess's Theatre; and so the game of hot and cold, beans and butter, goes on, until the public is already getting weary of "The Tempter" long before he has been seen. It is not for me to dictate to those in authority, but I think the old plan was best—to communicate all or nothing, to tell all or no one, to make it all public or to keep it dark. If I were a manager of a modern theatre I would not allow one word about a new play to go forth until the public was invited to see it; and I would not allow one single soul to attend any rehearsal in any circumstances whatever. The time to tell the public about a play is when it has been produced in public, and not before. When a genuine success bursts upon the public it is far more valuable than when it has been frittered away and interest discounted by inspired and uninspired paragraphs, some of which do no good, while many do an infinity of harm.

Concerning the poverty of dramatic trade in these times and the record of a past disastrous season, I am delighted to see that several of my most influential and experienced friends have determined to knock the right nail on the head and boldly to say, what the public has long felt, that theatre prices and theatre charges are far too high. In America—the very dearest country in the world—you can get a stall at the very best theatre for one dollar and a half—six shillings. You will have to pay eight shillings to ride one

for wasted decoration or for amateur talent. The manager who will have the pluck to give a first-class entertainment to crowded stalls at six shillings will make a fortune.—C. S.

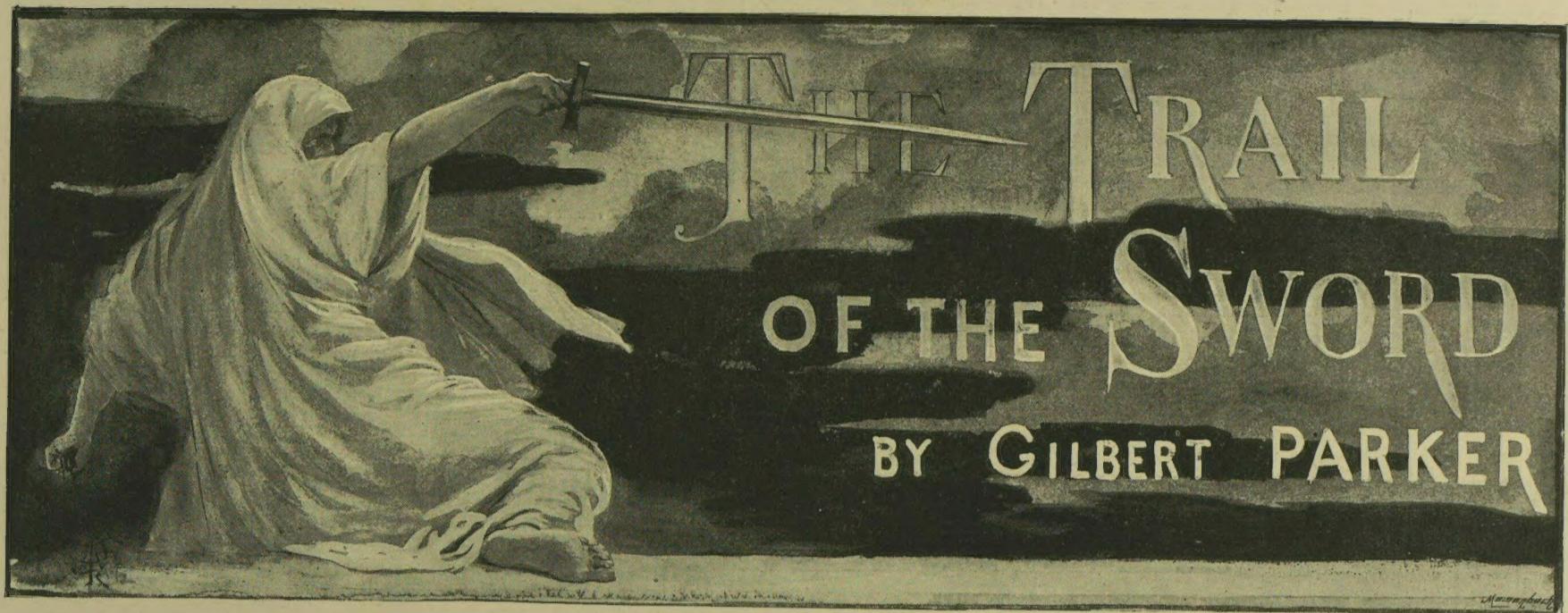
THE BRISTOL EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of industry and the fine arts was opened by the Mayor of Bristol, Mr. W. R. Barker, on Monday, Aug. 28, with the Aldermen and Town Councillors, in the presence of the High Sheriff, the Recorder, the Mayors of Bath, Gloucester, Cardiff, and Swansea, and several members of Parliament. It occupies a temporary wooden building, 500 ft. long, on a space gained by covering the waterway between the stone bridge and the new St. Augustine's Bridge. The front of this building is decorated with six large shields of armorial devices representing Bristol and the neighbouring cities and the counties of Somerset and Gloucestershire. The towers, 70 ft. high, are furnished with lime-lights and electric lights. The Industrial Section, occupying two-thirds of the space, is devoted to stalls for the display of manufactured articles and machinery in motion; and one-third to the exhibition of paintings and antique china, works of art, and handicraft of amateurs. Among the operations daily carried on are tobacco-packing, printing, type-setting, paper-making, colour-stamping, pin-making, weaving, stone-cutting, gold-plating and gilding, leather-cutting, soap-making, and lozenge-making.



"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA."

BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE MATTER OF BUCKLAW.

The Bridgwater Merchant and the Swallow made the voyage down with no set-backs, having fair weather and a sweet wind on their quarter all the way to the wild corner of an island, where a great mountain stands sentinel, and a bay washes upon a retreating shore, and up the river De la Plata. There were no vessels in the harbour, and there was only a small settlement on the shore; and as they came to anchor well away from the gridiron of reefs known as the Boilers, the prospect was handsome: the long wash of the waves, the curling white of the breakers, and a rainbow-coloured water. The shore was luxuriant, and the sun shone intemperately on the sea and the land, covering all with a fine beautiful haze, like the most exquisite powder sifted through the air. Like the people of the Maid of Provence, all on board the Bridgwater Merchant and the Swallow were in hearty spirits. There had been some sickness, but the general health of the expedition was excellent.

It was not till the day they started from Boston that Phips told Gering he expected to meet someone at the Port, who had gone to prepare the way, to warn them by fires in case of danger, and to allay any opposition among the natives and residents—if there were any. But he had not told him who the herald was.

Truth is, Phips was anxious that Gering should have no chance of objecting to the scoundrel who had, years before, tried to kidnap his now affianced wife—who had escaped a deserved death on the gallows. It was a rude age, and men of Phips's quality, with no particular niceness as to women, or horror as to mutiny when it was twenty years old, compromised with their conscience for expediency and gain. Moreover, in his humorous way, Bucklaw, during his connection with Phips in England, had made himself agreeable and resourceful. Phips himself had sprung from the lower orders—the son of a small farmer—and even in future days, when he rose to a high position in the colonies, gaining knighthood and other honours, he had the manners and speech of "a man of the people." Bucklaw understood men. He knew that his only game was that of bluntness. That was why he boarded Phips in Cheapside without subterfuge or disguise.

Nor had Phips told Bucklaw of Gering's coming; so that when the Bridgwater Merchant and the Swallow entered Port de la Plata, Bucklaw himself, as he bore out in a small sail-boat, did not guess that he was likely to meet a desperate enemy. He had waited patiently, and had calculated almost to a day when Phips would arrive: he knew his man. He was alongside before Phips had called anchor. Faces peered over the side at him. His cheerful countenance came up between the frowning guns, his hook-hand ran over the rail, and in a moment he was on deck facing—Radisson!

He was unprepared for the meeting, but he had taken too many chances in his lifetime to show astonishment. He and Radisson had fought and parted. They had been in ugly business together, and they were likely to be, now that they had met, in ugly business again.

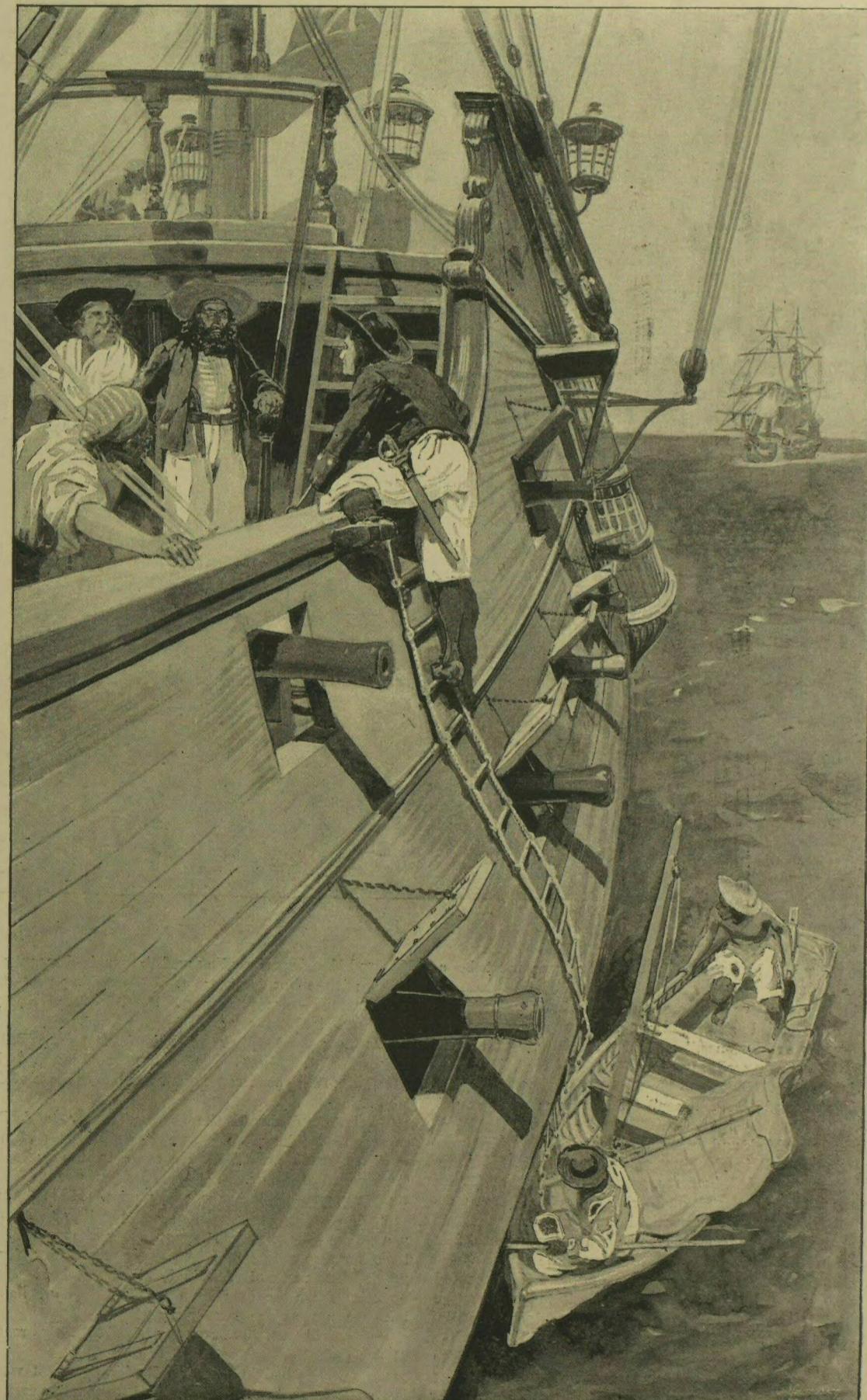
Bucklaw's tiger ran up to his chin with the old grotesque gesture, and stroked it. "Ha!" he said, "cats and devils have nine lives."

There was the same sparkle of the eye as of old, the same buoyant voice. For himself, he had no particular quarrel with Radisson. The more so because he saw a hang-dog sulkiness in Radisson's eye. It was ever his cue when others were angered to be cool and provoking. The worst of his crimes had been performed with an air of humorous cynicism. He could have admiration for an enemy such as Iberville; and he was not a man to fight needlessly. He had a firm belief that he had been intended for a high position—a great colonial admiral, or general, or a notable buccaneer.

Before Radisson had a chance to reply Phips appeared. It was impossible for Phips not to show satisfaction at Bucklaw's appearance; and in a moment they were on their way together to their cabin, followed by the eyes of the enraged Radisson. Phips disliked Radisson. The sinister Frenchman, with his sinister history, was impossible to the open, bluff captain. He had been placed upon Phips's vessel, because he knew the entrance to the harbour. But try as he would for a kind of comradeship he failed. He had an ugly vanity, and a bad heart. There was only one decent thing which still clung to him, in rags and tatters—the fact that he was a Frenchman.

He had made himself hated on the ship—he had none of the cunning tact of Bucklaw. As Phips and Bucklaw went below, a sudden vindictiveness entered into him. He was ripe for quarrel, ripe for battle. His two black eyes were like burning

beads. His jaws twitched. If Bucklaw had but met him without this rough, bloodless irony, he might have thrown himself with ardour into the work of the expedition. But he stood alone: hatred and devilry rioted in him.



His cheerful countenance came up between the frowning guns, his hook-hand ran over the rail, and in a moment he was on deck facing—Radisson!

Below in the cabin Phips and Bucklaw were deep in the chart of the harbour and the river. The plan of action was decided upon. A canoe was to be built out of a cotton-tree large enough to carry eight or ten oars. This and the tender, with men and divers, were to go in search of the wreck under the command of Bucklaw and the captain of the Swallow, whose name Phips did not mention. Phips himself was to remain on the Bridgewater Merchant, the Swallow lying near with a goodly number of men to meet any possible attack from the sea. When everything had been planned Phips told Bucklaw who was the commander of the Swallow. For a moment the fellow's coolness was shaken. The sparkle died out of his eye and he shot up a furtive look at Phips, but he caught a grim smile on the face of the sturdy sailor. He knew at once there was no treachery intended. He guessed that Phips expected no crisis from a meeting. It was ever his way to act with promptness. There was some touch of greatness in him. He was never so resourceful as when his position was most critical. He was in the power of Gering and Phips, and

he thought more about the treasure at hand than of either—or all—his enemies.

He did not stir, but kept drumming with the tiger, till he knew that Gering had come aboard, and heard his footsteps, with the captain's, coming. He showed no excitement, though he knew a crisis was at hand. A cool healthy sweat stood out on his forehead, cheeks, and lips; and his blue eye sparkled clearly and coldly. He rose as the two men appeared.

Phips had not even yet told his lieutenant. But Gering recognised Bucklaw at the first glance. His eyes flashed, and his hand went to his sword.

"Captain Phips," he said, his voice ringing, "you know who this man is?"

"He is the guide to our treasure-house, Mr. Gering."

"His name is Bucklaw: a mutineer condemned to death, the villain who tried to carry off Mistress Leveret."

It was Bucklaw that replied. "Right—right, are you, Mr. Gering. I'm Bucklaw, mutineer, and what else you please. But that's ancient—ancient. I'm sinner no more.

the chest, and he fell back against the wall, his pistol dropping from his hand. Bucklaw, bleeding heavily, lurched forward, pulled himself together, and, stooping, emptied his pistol into the moaning Radisson. He fell to his knees, snatched the dropped pistol, and fired again into Radisson's belly. Then, with a last effort, he plunged his own dagger into the throat of the dying man, and, with his fingers still on the handle, fell with a gurgling laugh across the Frenchman's body.

Radisson recovered for an instant. He gave a hollow cry, drew the knife from his own throat, and, with a wild shambling motion, struck at the motionless Bucklaw. It pinned an arm to the ground. Then he muttered an *Ave*, and fell back dead.

The tournament of blood was over.

So swift had it been there was no chance to interfere; Besides, Gering was not inclined to save the life of either; while Phips, who now knew the chart, as he thought, as well as Bucklaw, was not concerned; though, truth is, he liked the mutineer.



Bucklaw, bleeding heavily, lurched forward, pulled himself together, and, stooping, emptied his pistol into the moaning Radisson.

he knew it; but he knew also that his game must be a bold one.

"Bygones are bygones, captain," said he, "and what's done can't be helped; and, as it was, no harm came any way."

"Bygones are bygones," replied the other, "and let's hope that Mr. Gering will say so too."

"Haven't you told him?"

"Never a word; but I'll send for him now; and bygones let it be."

Bucklaw nodded, and drummed the table with his tiger. He guessed why Phips had not told Gering, and he foresaw trouble. He depended, however, on the time that had passed since the kidnapping, and on Gering's possible hunger for treasure. Phips had compromised, and why not he? If Gering, however, was bent on trouble, why, there was the last resource of the peace-loving! He tapped the rapier at his side. He ever held that he was peaceful, and it is recorded that once when he was killing an agitated victim, he soothingly begged him to "sit still, and not fidget!"

He laid no plans as to what he should do when Gering came. Like the true gamester, he waited to see how he should be placed, and then, as an artist, draw upon his resources. He was puzzled about Radisson, but Radisson could wait. He was so vastly the superior of the coarser villain that he gave him little thought. As he waited

You and Monsieur Iberville saved the maid—I meant no harm to her; 'twas but for ransom. I'm atoning now—to make your fortune—give you glory. Shall bygones be bygones, Mr. Gering! What say you?"

Bucklaw stood still at the head of the table. But he was very watchful. What the end might have been it is hard to tell; but a thing occurred which took the affair out of Gering's hands.

A shadow darkened the companion-way, and Radisson came quickly down. His face was sinister; and his jaws worked like an animal's. He came to the table between Gering and Bucklaw. He looked from one to the other. Bucklaw was cool, Gering was very quiet. He misinterpreted.

"You are great friends, eh, all together? All together you will get the gold. It is no matter what one English do, the other absolve for gold! A buccaneer, a stealer of women—no, it is no matter! All English! all together! But I am French. I am the dirt; I am for the scuppers. Bah! I will have the same as Bucklaw—you see?"

"You will have the irons, my friend!" Phips roared, and blew his whistle.

A knife flashed in the air. Bucklaw's pistol was out at the same instant. The bullet and the knife crossed. The knife caught Bucklaw in the throat, and he staggered against the table like a stuck pig; the bullet caught Radisson in

For a moment they both looked at the shambles without speaking. Sailors for whom Phips had whistled crowded the cabin.

"A damned bad start, Gering!" Phips said, as he moved towards the bodies.

"For them, yes; but they might have given us a bad ending."

"For the Frenchman, he's got less than was brewing for him; but Bucklaw was a humorous dog!"

As he said this he stooped to Bucklaw and turned him over, calling to the sailors to clean the red trough and bring the dead men on deck. Presently he cried: "By the devil's tail, the fellow lives! Here, a hand quick, you lubbers—and bring the surgeon."

Bucklaw was not dead. He had got two ugly wounds, and was bleeding heavily, but his heart still beat. Radisson's body was carried on deck, and within half an hour was dropped into the deep. The surgeon would not permit Bucklaw to be removed until he had been cared for; and so Phips and Gering went on deck, and made preparations to begin the treasure-hunt. A canoe was hollowed out by a dozen men in a few hours, the tender was got ready, the men and divers told off, and Gering took command of the searching party. Phips remained on the ship.

They soon had everything ready for a start in the morning.

Word was brought to Phips that Bucklaw still lived, but was in a high fever, and that the chances were all against him. Phips sent cordials and wines from his own stores, and asked that word be brought him of any change.

Early in the morning, Gering, after having received instructions from Phips as far as he knew (for Bucklaw had not told all that was necessary), departed for the river. The canoe and tender ascended the stream for a distance, and began to work down from the farthest point indicated in the chart. Gering continued in the river nearly all day, and at night camped on the shore. The second day brought no better luck, nor yet the third: the divers had seen no vestige of a wreck, nor any sign of treasure: nothing except four skeletons in a heap, tied together with a chain, where the water was deepest. These were the dead priests, for whom Bucklaw could account. The water was calm, the tide rising and falling gently. When they arrived among what was called the Shallows, they could see plainly to the bottom. They passed over the Boilers, a reef of shoals, and here they searched diligently, but to no purpose. The divers went down frequently, but could find nothing. The handful of natives in the port came out and looked on apathetically. One or two Spaniards also came, but they shrugged their shoulders, and pitied the foolish adventurers. Gering had the power of inspiring his men; and Phips was a martinet, and was therefore obeyed. But the lifeless days and unrewarded labour worked on the men, and at last the divers shirked their task.

Meanwhile, Bucklaw was fighting hard for life.

As time passed, the flush of expectancy waned. The heat was great, the waiting seemed endless. Adventure was needed for the spirits of the men, and of this now there was nothing. Morning after morning the sun rose in a moist, heavy atmosphere; day after day went in a quest which became apathetic: and night after night settled upon discontent. Then came threats. But this was chiefly upon the Bridgwater Merchant. Phips had picked up his sailors in English ports, and nearly all of them were brutal adventurers. They were men used to desperate enterprises, and they had flocked to him because they smelled excitement and booty. Of ordinary merchant seamen there were only a few. When the Duke of Albemarle had come aboard at Plymouth before they set sail, he had shrugged his shoulders at the motley crew. To his hint Phips had only replied with a laugh. These harum-scarum scamps were more to his mind than the ordinary amenable seamen. At heart himself was half barbarian. It is possible he felt there might some time be a tug-of-war on board, but he did not borrow trouble. Bucklaw had endorsed every man that he had chosen; indeed, Phips knew that many of them were old friends of Bucklaw. Again, of this he had no fear. Bucklaw was a man of desperate deeds but he knew that in himself Bucklaw had a master. Besides, he would pick up in Boston a dozen men upon whom he could depend; and cowardice had no place in him! Again, the Swallow, commanded by Gering, was fitted out with New England seamen. On these also dependence could be put.

Therefore, when there came rumblings of mutiny on the Bridgwater Merchant, there was faithful, if gloomy, obedience, on the Swallow. Had there been plenty of work to do, had they been at sea instead of at anchor, the nervousness would not have been so great; but idleness begot irritation, and irritation mutiny. Had Bucklaw been on deck, instead of in the surgeon's cabin, playing a hard game with death, matters might not have gone so far as they did: for he would have had an immediate personal influence, which would have allayed, if not repressed, revolt. As it was, Phips had to work the thing out according to his own lights. One afternoon, when Gering was away with the canoes on the long search, the crisis came. It was a day when life seemed to stand still. A creamy haze ingrained with delicate blue had settled on land and sea. Over the Boilers the long white rollers slowly travelled, and the sea rocked like a great cradle. Indefiniteness of thought, of time, of event, seemed over all. On board the two ships life swung idly as a hammock: but only so in appearance.

Phips was leaning against the deck-house watching through his glass the search-canoe. Presently he turned and walked aft. As he did so the surgeon and the chief mate came running towards him. They had not time to explain their excitement, for immediately came streaming upon deck a crowd of armed mutineers. Phips did not hesitate an instant. He had no fear: he was simply swelling with anger.

"Why now, you damned dogs!" he blurted out, "what mean you by this? What's all this show of cutlasses?"

The ringleader stepped forward.

"We're sick of doing nothing," he answered. "We've come on a wild-goose chase. There's no treasure here. We mean you no harm. We don't want to take the ship out of your hands."

"Oh," said Phips, "is that so? Then, in the name of all the devils, what want you?"

"Here's as we think. There's nothing to be got out of this hunt, but there's treasure on the high seas all the same. Here's our offer: You keep command of your ship—and run up the black flag!"

Phips's arm shot out, and dropped the ringleader to the ground.

"Oh, that's it, you filthy rogues? Me to turn pirate, eh? Because we've not yet found the treasure, you'd give up like cowards, and set to weaving ropes for the necks of every one of us."

He seemed not to know that cutlasses were threatening him; not to be aware that the man at his feet, clutching his weapon, was mad with rage.

"Now look," he said, in a big loud voice, "I know that treasure is here, and I know we'll find it; if not now, when we get Bucklaw on his feet."

"Ay! Bucklaw! Bucklaw!" ran through the throng.

"Well, then, Bucklaw, as you say! Now here's what I'll do, scoundrels though you are. Let me hear no more of this foolery; stick to me till the treasure's found—for God take my soul if I leave this bay till I have found it!—and you shall have a share of the booty."

Phips had grasped the situation with such courage that the mutineers hesitated. He saw his advantage. He followed it up. He asked for three of their number to confer with him as to a bond upon his proposal.

The mutineers consented, the bond was agreed to, and the search went on.

(To be continued.)

WELL HALL, ELTHAM.

It may not be generally known that at Eltham there still exist portions of the ancient home of Margaret Roper, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, and

Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry Chichele. The Roper family appear to have possessed and resided at Well Hall for several generations, and thus it was that Sir Thomas More's daughter came here to live upon her marriage. In the great hall was an interesting portrait group of Sir Thomas More and his family, in all about twelve figures, painted by Holbein. It is said to have been characterised by great strength and beauty of execution, and was so large as to occupy almost the entire end of the hall. In 1731, when the place was sold, this picture was removed by Sir Rowland Wynne.

The affection which subsisted between Sir Thomas More and his eldest daughter is abundantly shown in Roper's life of his father-in-law—a life which has been justly described as one of the most beautiful, simple, and impressive specimens of biographical writing to be found in our own or any other language. The last farewell between father and daughter is thus described: "As soone as she sawe him, after his blessinge upon her knees reverentlie received, she hastinge towards him, without consideracion or care of her selfe, pressinge in amongst the midst of the thronge and companie of the garde that with hollards and bills went round about him, hastelie ranne to him, and theare openlie in sight of them, imbraced him and took him about the neck and kissed him. Who well liking her most naturall and deere daughterlie affeccion towards him, gave her his fatherlie blessinge and manie goodlie wordes of comfort besides. From whome after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, beinge all ravished with the entire love of her father, hayinge respect neither to herself, nor to the presse of people and multitude that weare theare about him, suddainlie turned back againe, ranne to him as before, tooke him about the necke and divers times kissed him lovinglie, and at last, with a full and heavie heart, was faine to depart from him: the beholdinge wherof was to many that weare present soe lamentable that it made them for verie sorrow thereof to weape and mourne."

Seen from the roadway, the present comparatively modern farmhouse does not strike the beholder as being of any great interest. The old-fashioned cottages a little to the north are of a much more picturesque character. If one takes the trouble to enter the farmyard, however, and walk around the back of the stables, he will encounter a fragment of an antique moat, and just beyond he will see a picturesque gable-end and chimney-stack of ancient



MARGARET ROPER, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

the celebrated author of "Utopia." Margaret herself was an accomplished woman, and is said to have been a classical scholar of considerable ability. Her husband, William Roper, Esq., wrote the life of his father-in-law, which was published at Paris in 1626, under the title "The Mirrour of Vertue in Worldly Greatness; or, The Life of Sir T. More."

The estate of Well Hall, Eltham, where Margaret Roper lived, has an ancient and interesting history. In the year 1100 it was possessed by Sir Jordon de Briset, a wealthy and pious man who was lord of Clerkenwell, where he founded a nunnery. He afterwards gave the nuns there ten acres of land, in his lordship of "Welyng-hall," in Kent, in return for ten acres which they had granted him, on which he founded his Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Late in the reign of Richard II. this place at Eltham came into the possession of William Chichele, younger brother of the well-known



OLD COTTAGES AT WELL HALL FARM, ELTHAM.



WELL HALL, ELTHAM, THE ANCIENT HOME OF MARGARET ROPER.

brickwork, which formed a portion of the venerable mansion of the Ropers.

The spot is a beautifully quiet one, and should be visited, if one would see it at its best, when the setting sun is dipping behind the western horizon, lighting up the quaint old brickwork with a ruddy glow, and filling the glass panes with a golden blaze of brilliance. The swans sail across the placid waters of the moat with an air of dignity which seems to recall the former days of grandeur, when the house was in its palmy days, and when it numbered among its inhabitants some illustrious personages of the day.

The portrait of Margaret Roper here reproduced has been copied from an engraving after an original drawing by Holbein, in the Royal Collection, wrongly described as being the portrait of "The Lady Henegham." The headdress is a curious but not unusual example of the fashion of the day.

Some dissatisfaction is expressed by those interested in the existing arrangements for the landing of American homeward mails at Queenstown, to be sent by the Dublin and Holyhead route to London, at the niggardly terms offered by the Postmaster-General for their continuance, which the railway and steam-boat companies may be unable to accept. The commercial classes, as well as the directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway, in Ireland, have taken up the question, while it seems also to be regarded as one of not less importance to England, since the opportunity of receiving American letters in London and answering them by the outgoing mail on the same day is an advantage of which the English public should not be deprived.

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO : FEZ.
The word "Fez" is more widely known as the name of a cap, worn instead of the orthodox turban by modern professors of the religion of Islam, than as that of the once magnificent Moorish city, founded a thousand years ago by Mulai Idrees or his son, descendants of the Arabian Prophet, which still shares with Mequinez the palatial majesty of the Sultan of Morocco's northern provinces. This city, visited by our clever French artist, M. Montbard, has about it a cloud of history, as Mr. Walter B. Harris says, "composed of wars and murders, triumphs of arts and sciences, and a good deal of imagination." Its wars and murders are probably not yet finished; its



YOUNG MOORISH GIRL.

colleges of learning were so famous, in the Middle Ages, that they taught algebra, physics, chemistry, and astronomy to many European students; and two of its mosques, that of the Kairoun and the sacred shrine of Mulai Idrees, are beautiful to this day. In the former, a great sunlit court is still thronged by devout worshippers; a marble fountain gushes perpetually beneath a sculptured

canopy upheld by graceful columns; and you walk on pensively, through stately colonnades and arcades, dimly lighted by coloured lamps from the roof. The sepulchral chapel of the patron Moslem saint is gorgeously decorated with paintings, delicately carved traceries, and hangings of richly coloured velvet embroidered with gold, but its entrance is forbidden to unbelievers. The city, consisting of two parts, Fas Bali and Fas Jodid, contains between 100,000 and 150,000 people, and possesses considerable wealth, trade, and manufactures. The older part, Fas Bali, with its close narrow streets, has the most shops and "fondaks," which are inns or caravanserais, also places for travelling merchants to sell or exchange their goods, and many of which belong to the Shereef of Wazan. In Fas Jodid stand the Sultan's palace and many houses of rich and powerful Moors, with pleasant gardens and groves. The walls, towers, and gates of the city are falling into decay. The worst places, of course, are the prisons, being kept in as bad a condition as possible because their wretched inmates cannot get out of them except by death, and State policy does not want them to live. Among them are some who are not accused of any crime, but who had property which was coveted by persons who could influence the administration of civil or criminal law. Torture, mutilation, and flogging may be applied either to those who have nothing to pay with, or to those unwilling to give up their property; a man has been known to receive hundreds of lashes daily for a week. Many are simply left to die of starvation, but State criminals may be quietly removed by poison. In Mr. Hugh Stutfield's book, "El Maghreb," it is mentioned that dangerous lunatics are usually thrust into jail and chained to a pillar, with a steel collar round the neck, as shown in our Artist's sketch. The other prisoners lie on the filthy floor, terrorised by cruel warders with their whips, or are forced now and then to rise and drag about a heavy shot fastened to their ankles.

The route from Fez eastward, up the course of the

Sebou, and its tributary river the Ouergha, crossed a great plain and ascended a valley overlooked by the Zaroun mountains, which are clothed with dense forests, amid which peep out, here and there, little walled towns or villages, romantically situated; but on the plain, as one of

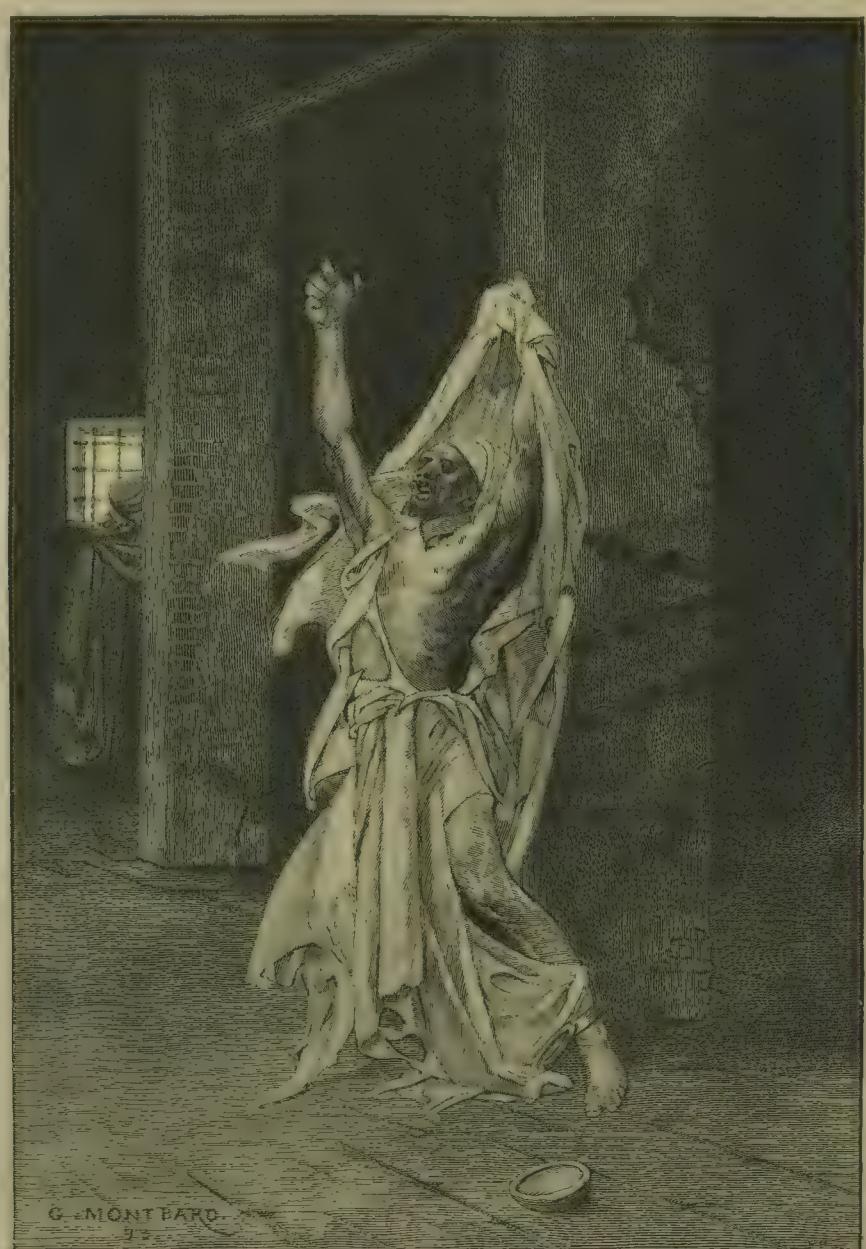


LAKE NEAR FEZ.

the travelling party has noted, atmospheric conditions often produced a mirage which curiously altered the seeming locality of objects in the landscape. "In the front of us this day," he writes, "and apparently not far off, lay a great blue lake, skirted by trees that threw their shadows on the water below. The lake looked beautifully cool in the burning sun, and the shade of the trees most tempting, but alas! as we approached we found it was all a myth, and lake, trees, and shade faded from view. One day, on the plains near Fez, we saw not only the lake and the trees but the sandy shore, women washing their clothes, and a white-domed house amid the grove. But all this, too, disappeared as we drew nearer, and left nothing behind it but a sandy waste and a few prickly-pear bushes." There was, doubtless, a real lake somewhere in the district, and the reflection of its image from the denser stratum of the atmosphere at a certain elevation above the heated surface of the ground was possibly refracted so as to fall on the ground in another direction. But the lake scene delineated in M. Montbard's sketch is a reality, though we cannot give it a name.



A PRISON AT FEZ THE GUARDS' ROOM.



A MADMAN IN A PRISON AT FEZ.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

BY EUGEN KLIMSCH.

IN THE MARCHES.—NO. II. SHREWSBURY.

High Street, Shrewsbury, branches into Wyke Cop, a steep winding street where there are several remarkable timber houses. Among them, on the right, is, in some ways, the most interesting building in Shrewsbury: it dates back to the fifteenth century, and in it the Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII., is said to have stayed in 1485, just before the battle of Bosworth. A few years ago a beautiful little mullioned window was discovered beneath the plaster on the first floor. The house is now occupied by



HOUSES NEAR THE WELSH BRIDGE.

a fishmonger. A little lower down, on the other side of the road, is another fine timber house, used as an inn.

At the bottom of Wyke Cop, the handsome English Bridge (so called because it leads to the heart of England, whereas the Welsh Bridge on the other side of the town leads towards Wales) crosses the rapidly flowing Severn. During our stay in Shrewsbury, owing to the rains, which had been very heavy for several weeks, the noble river was greatly swollen, and had become a brown and boisterous volume of water. The English Bridge, built of stone in the last century, is an unusually fine one. Parts of the town rise high above the water; as you look from the bridge up and down the river, the old houses, churches, and fine trees group admirably together and make a series of varied and beautiful pictures.

A little way across the bridge the remains of the grand old Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul stand out with much solemnity. Only a small portion now exists of the once splendid church; the choir, the transepts, the central tower, the chancel, the lady chapel, and part of the nave have all disappeared. The massive west tower and the portions of the old wall that remain are of red sandstone. A grand Perpendicular window has been inserted in the west side of the tower, and forms the termination of the nave at that end. On entering the church, we see that several of the huge original Norman pillars of the nave still stand, the remains of the nave have been finished off with a modern east end, and the church is now used for service. There are several stone monumental tombs of great interest; the figure on the oldest of these tombs is said to be that of Roger de Montgomery, who founded the Abbey at the end of the eleventh century, and, having become a monk by leave of his wife, died in 1094 in the monastery which he had founded; the stone figure is much mutilated. Another tomb has on the top of it the effigies of Alderman Jones and Eleanor, his wife, clad in the quaint costume of the time of James I. The other monastic buildings were once of great extent, but all remains of them have perished, with the exception of a Gothic stone canopied pulpit on the opposite side of the road to the Abbey Church; this is an interesting relic, but it is very carelessly treated.

In Monkmoor Road, which leads out of Abbey Foregate, a short distance from the Abbey, we come upon the beautiful Elizabethan mansion now known as the Whitehall. The house is of no great size, but is almost perfect of its kind. It was built between 1578 and 1582 by Richard Prince, a well-known lawyer of his day, and was originally called "Master Prince's Place"; afterwards when it was disfigured with whitewash (now happily removed), it gained the name of the Whitehall. It is built of red sandstone, and has lofty clustered red-brick chimneys. Cheshirey, the celebrated local poet, said of this house: "Maister Prince his house stands so trim and

finely that it graceth all the soyle it is in." His words are true; the house has a wonderful air of distinction, and there are some handsome rooms inside it: the walls of the finely proportioned drawing-room are panelled three parts of the way up with dark oak, the ceiling is panelled in plaster, and has massive cross oaken beams, the mantelpiece is of carved oak, and the blue and white tiles at the sides of the fireplace are of old Dutch earthenware of uncommon design. Many of the other rooms are panelled with dark oak; all the old paneling was put up about twenty-five years after the house was built.

In the garden, in front of one entrance to the house, stands a walnut-tree of prodigious growth; it is said to be older than the house, which would make it more than three hundred years old. It is probably one of the finest walnut-trees in this country; the girth of the trunk at five feet from the ground is fifteen feet. But the tree has seen its best days; about thirty years ago its branches covered an area of which the diameter was a hundred and twenty feet. In another part of the garden is a red-brick dovecot, of quaint design and great size; it contains no less than three hundred and sixty-five pigeon-holes. The arched cornice at the top of the brickwork is very elegant; the building is believed to be sixty years older than the mansion house. On another side of the Whitehall a paved footpath leads to a picturesque gate-house of red sandstone, with an arched doorway; this building is of the same period as the mansion, and gives entrance to the street. Stone steps lead from the paved footpath up to the house; at the top of stone pillars on these steps are the old lamp irons, one of them covered with ivy. The garden, though pretty, is rather too small for the style and beauty of the house.

We recrossed the English Bridge, and instead of mounting Wyke Cop, kept straight on till we came to the remains of the old town walls, built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; a path has been made along the top of them. One of the old watch-towers, rather later in date than the walls, is still standing. Keeping straight on, we reached New St. Chad's Church, a handsome circular structure of the last century, very richly decorated.

Immediately opposite to this church is the far-famed Quarry. The Quarry consists of pleasure-grounds of upwards of twenty acres in extent; it is planted with several rows of splendid lime-trees, nearly two hundred years old; there are flowers and statues, and the grounds are nearly half-encircled by the beautiful Severn. There is a ferry at each end of the river frontage; that at the western end goes across to the picturesque old boat-house on the opposite side of the river. From the Quarry there is a good view of the present home of the Grammar School—the massive red brick buildings impressively crown the hill on the opposite side of the Severn. A grand floral fete is held annually in the Quarry to which exhibits are sent from all parts of the country. Last year the show was an exceedingly good one, the beauty and size of the roses, the orchids, and other flowers were very special; while the growth of the vegetables made them food for giants, and the fruit was equally fine.

By keeping along the banks of the winding river past the old Boat House ferry, we come to the substantial Welsh Bridge, and crossing this, find ourselves in Frankwell. Here there are some of the oldest and most untouched timber houses in Shrewsbury—one on the right as we left the bridge, with projecting upper storeys, has a very picturesque appearance. A little way up the hill, in one of the houses on the Mount, Charles Darwin spent his childhood, a beautiful and sympathetic spot for a great naturalist to begin life in. A mile or so further, on the right, in a garden belonging to a private owner, is the shattered trunk of an old oak, and from the branches of this tree, rumour says, Owen Glyndwr watched the battle

reached Hill's Lane, and, turning down this for a short way, we saw on the left an imposing red brick house with stone facings to the windows; this is called Rowley's Mansion, and was built in 1618 by William Rowley, a draper of the town. The house is said to have been the first built in brick-in Shrewsbury. It must have been at one time an imposing mansion, and its ruinous state gives it an additional look of grandeur; but though the deserted appearance may lend a romantic interest to the building



STONE PULPIT.

to a lover of the picturesque, its state of decay will give pain to a student of architecture. It is now used as a storehouse.

Mardol leads past the handsome modern Market House. On Saturdays this has a fine show of poultry, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables, flowers, and meat, and people come to it from considerable distances.

There are numerous excursions to be made round Shrewsbury. Among the most interesting is that to the extensive Roman remains of Urcionum and the neighbouring curious church of Wroxeter. The road to Urcionum passes by the Abbey Church and the imposing Doric column erected to General Lord Hill; then along the London road, and across the Severn again past the primitive village of Atcham, with its picturesque ivy-grown church tower on the one hand, and Attingham Hall and its stately park on the other.

On another side of Shrewsbury are the beautiful ruins of Haughmond Abbey, in the midst of magnificent scenery and close to the noble beech forest, part of the once famous royal chase of Mount Gilbert. But the best expedition of all is that to the monster mound of the Wrekin, two or three miles from Wellington. The road mounts nearly all the way from the station, and soon leads into a lane which goes direct to the hill; before long the country begins to open out to view on the right, the lane is bordered by a steep wood on the left, and at intervals iron seats are placed for pedestrians. At the foot of the Wrekin there is a large restaurant; from there the path turns a few yards to the right, then to the left, and a steep winding track leads up to the top of the hill. This part of the hill is thickly wooded with pine and oak, ling grows freely, and there are many ferns and wild flowers. Just below the summit the trees leave off for a space, and the ascent goes over knolls of velvety close-cropped turf. Both sides of the country can now be seen for many miles. As you turn on your footsteps and look round, the "Black Country," with its desolate fields and numerous tall factory chimneys, lies on the right; on the left are Wellington and North Shropshire, and in the far distance the blue-capped Welsh mountains. As you continue the walk upwards you see that the trees, chiefly pines, begin again, and about a quarter of a mile further on is the highest point of the hill, some 1300 ft. above the sea. Here there are gaps through the trees on either side, showing lovely glimpses of the distant country. The path now descends to the other side of the hill, and a little lower down there is a rocky projection whence there are magnificent views. The hill is steeper on that side than on the Wellington side, and is very thickly wooded.

As seen from many parts of the surrounding country the huge rounded mass of the Wrekin has a singularly isolated appearance, and its shape attracts the notice of railway travellers.



THE COUNCIL HOUSE.

of Shrewsbury, fought at Battlefield, three miles to the north of the town, on July 21, 1403. It is difficult to imagine how Glyndwr accomplished the feat, but doubtless the tree was then much loftier than it is now. On our way back to Shrewsbury we saw beautiful views of the town and distant country.

Recrossing the Welsh Bridge and bearing a little to the left, we came to Mardol, another street full of old houses, among which are many half-timbered ones. We soon

TATTOOING IN JAPAN.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

"Tattoo, or not tattoo?" that is the question that nearly every man asks himself before he has been resident for many days at the port of Yokohama. Long before that, strolling among the tea-houses on the heights of Nagasaki—where, as we all know, dwelt the fickle Madame Chrysanthemum, who turned the ardent and enthusiastic Pierre Loti into a disappointed sceptic and a delightful cynic on the subject of Japanese female beauty—the traveller may have turned with disgust from Shakspere's Audrey, dressed up as a Japanese doll and posing as a Lowther Arcade divinity. It may only have taken one night's excursion among the Yoshewara cages of Kobé to persuade the man of common-sense and observer of manners that there exists to-day in Japan a form of female slavery and a degraded system of organised immorality unknown in any other country in the world. But it will take many a long day at Yokohama before the one great question shall be decided whether your back, arms, chest, and calves are to retain their pristine purity of natural whiteness or are for evermore to be decorated with arabesques in blue and red, as if to rival the patterns on the floor-cloth of the hall at home. Directly you arrive

devised by man. Close by the chair are ranged lamps and burners of every imaginable strength, such as we see at the aurist's and the fashionable throat doctor's. On a table close by the chair, handy for the artist-tattooer, are the thousands upon thousands of needles requisite to prick and punch your epidermis into pattern according to taste. The operation is tedious, comparatively painless, but extremely simple. No Japanese tattooer would dream of being so clumsy as to draw a pin's prick of blood. Should he do so he would be voted a clumsy boor. He might almost be counted on to perform the feat imposed on Shylock by the Venetian Council. If anyone in the world could cut a pound of flesh from a man's body without drawing blood, the Japanese tattooer might be backed to do it. He cannot guarantee the patient against the after-effects of vigorous tattooing—the swollen skin, the dreadful feverish symptoms, the maddening irritation, the crop of boils that would have frightened Job himself—but while he is at it, dig and dab and dash as he will, you may count on this, that you will not bleed. But before you sit down in the easy chair placed for you in Hori Chio's studio it will be necessary to select out of countless volumes of reference and pictures the exact form and colour of your disfigurement. What is it to be, and how far is it to go? Will you content your-

that even ladies nowadays are found who are reckless and foolish enough to allow their fair skins to be patterned, coloured, and assuredly disfigured by these dermatological artists. Unfortunately, in this as in most things, it is the first step that costs. Once a man allows an inch of his body to be tattooed, he thinks he may as well go on, and so from a rose or a tiger, or a lily or an anchor, or a ship, he goes on and on until his poor body resembles that of the famous rickshaw man of Japan who saved the life of one of the reigning Russian Princes—a back as painted, decorated, and woaded as that of any of the obsolete British barbarians discovered by Julius Cæsar.

The one instinctive objection to tattooing the human body that instantly suggests itself to the refined mind is the vulgarity of its tradition. In old days, only the ordinary seaman resorted to tattooing, and then, as a rule, merely to pass away the time. It was the sailor who came home with a ship on his wrist and an anchor on his forearm. Jack was a careless fellow, and did not look at the matter from a sentimental point of view. He loved his ship and his anchor, and did not care how near they were to his honest heart. If he extended the dorsal decoration to a shark, a whale, or the great sea-serpent, he only did it for a lark, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a lark that Jack lives to regret until the end of time.



SYMPATHY.

in your hotel, straight before you on the walls will be found the picture of a celebrated "back" tattooed by the first artist in Japan. All appearance of skin has apparently been removed, and this marvellous dorsal presentment looks to me like a cross between a variegated serpent and an elaborate wall-paper, with this most important difference—that a man's skin, once submitted to the needles of the tattooer, cannot be shed like the skin of a snake or repapered like a wall when we are heartily sick of the pattern. One of the first things you naturally do when you arrive at Yokohama is to pay a visit to Mr. Arthur's marvellous curio store facing the harbour, where you can spend a long and interesting day examining the gold lacquer cabinets, the cherry lacquer screens, the bronzes, the swords, the "inros," the embroideries, the ivories, and the carvings for which modern Japan is famous. But even then the interest of Arthur's is not nearly exhausted. This charming and genial gentleman will be sure to take you to a model Japanese house in his back garden, where resides the famous Hori Chio, the champion tattooer in all Japan, whose triumph in art, according to his statement and pictures, is Lord De Clifford's back, supposed to be the finest specimen of tattooing in the world.

The sanctum of Hori Chio is one of the sights of Japan. It is a veritable cabinet of curiosities, partly library of reference, partly surgeon's consulting-room. There is the easy chair for the patient, in which he reposes during the weary hours necessary to transform the skin in which he was born into the decorated mass of eccentricities

self with a Japanese *musume* in red and blue on one arm and a bunch of cherry-blossom on the other, just to show to the girls at home when you strip your arms at lawn-tennis, and prove that you have journeyed as far as Japan? In these days tattooing at Yokohama is used as a kind of certificate to prove that you have visited the land of the Mikado. When we were boys and first went to Switzerland, they used to brand our alpenstocks to prove that we had been up the Rigi or to the top of the Grimsel or the Wengern Alp, and these alpenstocks, proof of our boyish vanity, could be conveniently flung away before we arrived back in Dover. But in modern Japan the artist is anxious to brand our bodies, and this device we must bear about us until the day of our death, and can only be destroyed by decay when all is over. Few, however, who are bitten by the tattooing craze stop at a lawn-tennis *musume* or a bunch of flowers. Huge and hideous serpents in elaborate colours crawl and squirm from the wrist to the upper biceps. Every monster, dragon, and devil that suggests itself to the Japanese mind, so prodigal in horrors, is allowed to grin and gird and twist and contort on the broadest of British backs, while the chests of our countrymen are, according to the modern fashion, made to imitate the approach to a Japanese temple, to reproduce Daibutsu on a Christian skin, or to be an exact copy of a willow-pattern plate.

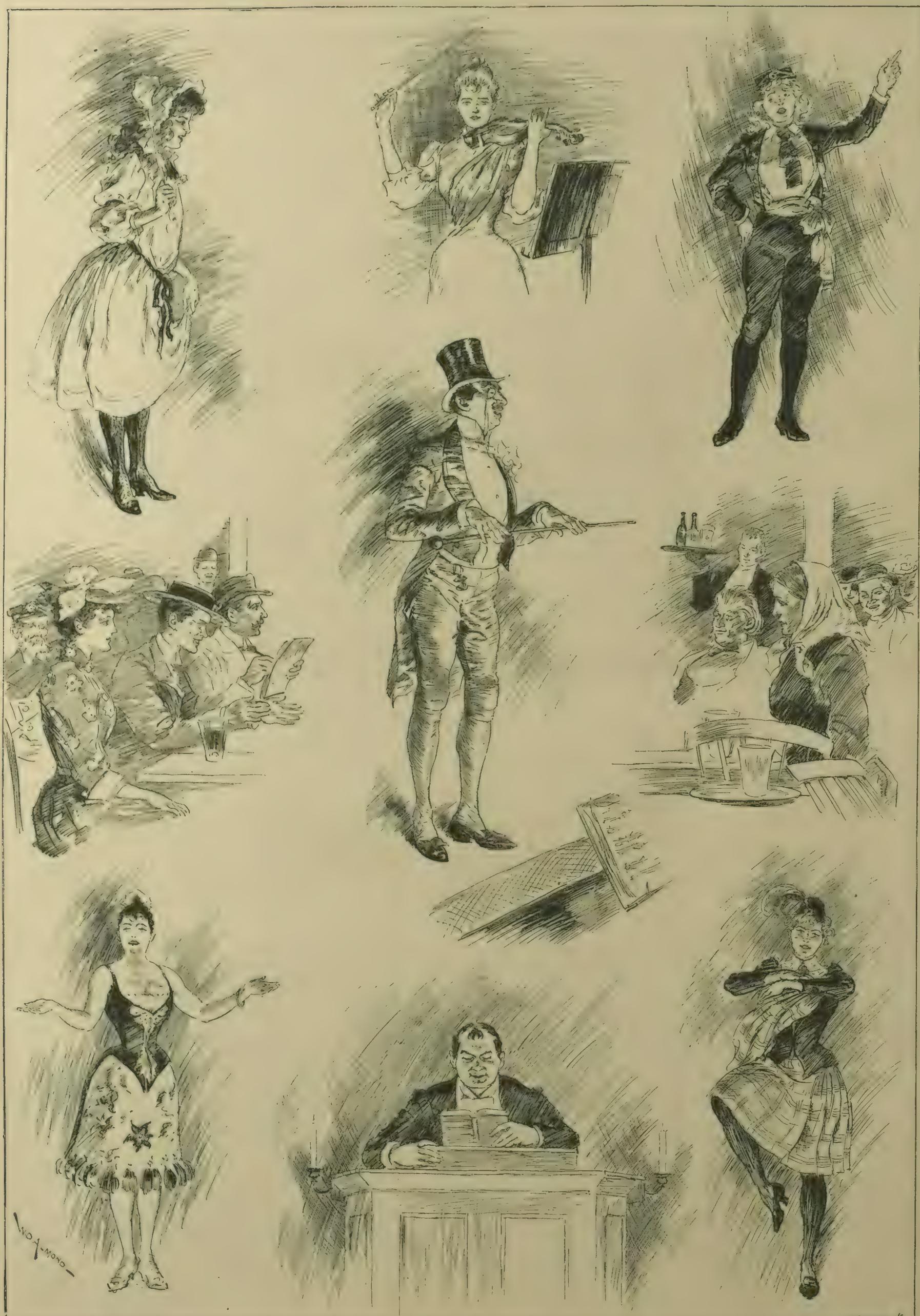
The temptation of the tattooer and the modern craze of tattooing are, of course, not confined to those who visit Japan. As we all know, there is an artist, and by no means an unskillful one, attached to one of the best Turkish baths in London, and so wide and potent is the craze for tattooing

In these cases it is wisest to be guided by men of experience, and to listen earnestly to the advice they give you. I had scarcely been in Japan a week before I was warned earnestly against the wiles of the Japanese tattooer. "Don't do it, my dear fellow; take my advice. If you do you will regret it all your life." And then they took me into corners and unbared their arms, and told me how in rash old days they had been disfigured, and declared, almost with tears in their eyes, that they would give any amount of money if they could restore their skin to the unblemished state of years ago. That is the worst of tattooing. Once done, it cannot be undone. No perfume of Arabia could cleanse the hands of Lady Macbeth; no acid or burning or hacking or hewing will obliterate for evermore the needle-pricks of the tattooer. The only thing that can be done is for a clever artist to tattoo over and alter a hideous design, but to wipe, or wash, or burn it all out is impossible.

There is, of course, just one possible compromise, and a rational one. Hori Chio, the Japanese tattooer, will perpetuate on your body the exact picture of anyone who is especially near and dear to you. A photograph can be reproduced in colour on the skin. But this, for obvious reasons, is a dangerous experiment. A man must be a Galahad indeed, and have the sublime faith of a King Arthur to risk such an extreme test as that. I believe, after all, that the instinctive objection is the true one. There is something suggestive of the galley slave, the branded convict, and the ancient Briton and cave-dweller in the tattooed man.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: TEA ON THE TERRACE.



SOME VARIETY STARS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN: SKETCHES IN A NORWEGIAN MUSIC-HALL.

ON BEING LIFTED UP.
BY ANDREW LANG.

If any reader of this column should chance to rise like a balloon and float in space, regardless of the law of gravitation, let him, or her, neither be uplifted by spiritual pride nor unduly cast down by the fear of diabolical possession. Let him not take it for granted that he is either a saint (on this point domestic criticism may be appealed to with confidence) or a sorcerer; that he is bewitched, or that the fairies are at the bottom of it all; or that he is a medium, or a philosopher. All these hypotheses have been applied, some of them simultaneously, to account for the phenomenon of levitation, or the floating in air of a human being. Now, the disdainful or superficial reader may cry, "The phenomenon is not so common as all that. I myself have never even witnessed it." Neither have I, when wide awake; but most persons have dreamed of marvellous flights which, perhaps, throw some gleams of common-sense on the problem. Grant that some "soft-headed person," as the Zulus call hysterical people, dreamed of floating in air; grant that he mistook dreams for waking facts (as soft-headed people may); add that he found admirers to believe in him; and from their belief to their assertion that they actually beheld the phenomenon the step is short, and by many men, women, and children is easily taken. Thus we might account for the stories of a miracle which has been explained in a sense favourable and flattering, or eminently the reverse, as taste or prejudice dictated.

We might take the facts historically, beginning in our own time, and going backwards. There are persons yet living who believe that they saw that canny Scot, Mr. D. D. Home, rise in the air, and remain there. Mr. Home himself admitted that he was a good deal alarmed on the first occasion when the thing occurred. He described his sensations by observing that he felt as if he were being lifted up from above, pulled up, whereas St. Theresa, as we shall see, was pushed up from beneath.

He became accustomed to it, and perhaps even came to enjoy the experience. Not to dally over more recent exhibitions in India and Africa, we hear of the Hon. Master Sandilands, son of Lord Torpichen, who floated around in 1721. The eighteenth century is poor in examples; in the seventeenth the thing was common enough in Highland seers, in bewitched persons (a boy in Somerset flew over a garden), while a gentleman's butler, of all people, rose from the floor and flitted round the room at Lord Orrery's house in Ireland. Two strong men could not hold the butler down, and, in a contemporary engraving by Faithorne, his features display the most lively alarm. According to general belief, shared by the man himself, the causes of this curious conduct in a butler were the fairies! We now come to saints. In her autobiography, Saint Theresa, as good a woman as ever lived, declares that in her "raptures" she rose from the ground; and a bishop testifies to having seen her fly to a very considerable height, say twelve feet; but, with reprehensible carelessness, he does not give exact measurements, which might have established a "record." The saint, with real modesty, prayed that this thing might not occur in church, as she was convinced that it gave the congregation far too exalted an opinion of her merits. On one occasion she caught hold of some railings, to retain her soaring body. The sensation, she averred, was that of being thrust upward, from beneath, by some overpowering invisible force. But the Lady Superior at Loudun, in the affair of Urbain Grandier, when possessed by seven fiends, announced that she would be lifted up, and did actually begin to soar, as far as standing on tip-toe went. This was reckoned unsatisfactory. Bodin also mentions a woman who frequently soared, and that in church; but she was burned for a witch, probably because her moral character made it impossible to regard her as a saint, and, if not a saint, she must be either a witch or bewitched. The verdict was given against her, and, clearly, the phenomenon was regarded as quite capable of very unfavourable explanation. Similar occurrences in the case of Mrs. Guppy and Eusapia Paladino have not yet led either to canonisation or burning, or, in fact, to any judicious and well-balanced verdict beyond that frequently in the mouth of Mr. Burchell. When we find a Peruvian Cacique floating about, in 1548, we meet with no explanation beyond the fact that he meant to get baptised, and was baptised; after which the law of gravitation resumed its sway, as far as he was concerned. He was not canonised, and history says no more about him except that he was a handsome young man. Then we meet St. Francis of

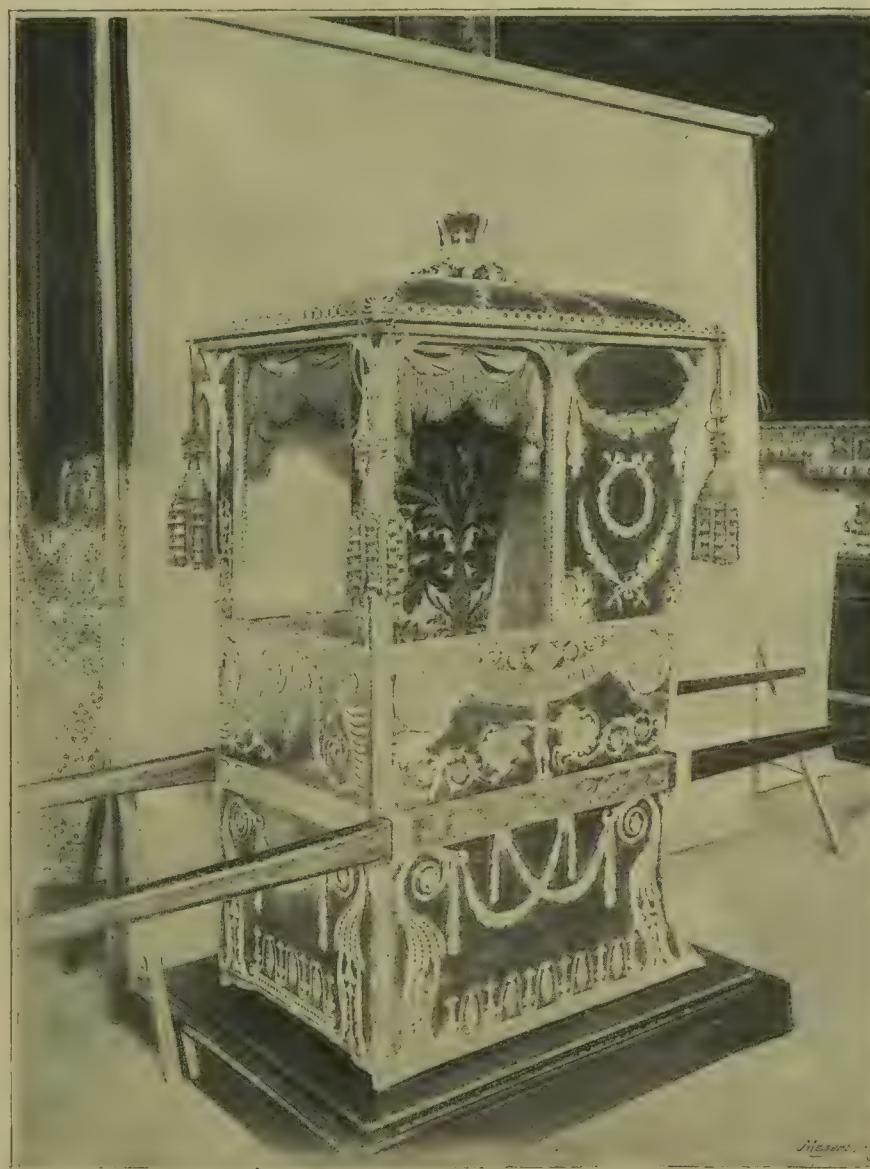
Assisi, who floated so high that his attached and faithful admirer could only hold on by the saint's foot, which he bedewed with his tears. St. Philip Neri was subject to similar transports, as, indeed, are Eskimo and Australian medicine-men, like their brethren the Highland seers. That Iamblichus, the Neo-Platonist, floated like St. Francis, and, like him, shone with a golden light, has been both asserted and denied—amateurs may take their choice—while Lucian refers to similar feats by a philosopher, in a tone of deplorable levity and banter.

On a survey of these cases, to which, no doubt, many might be added, the reasoning faculties pause, paralysed, and incapable of a moral inference. If saintliness does it, why the gentleman's butler?—why the Hon. Master Sandilands?—why Eusapia Paladino?—why the Cacique?—and, above all, why the defendant in Lyon v. Home? If witchcraft is the cause, why did St. Francis, St. Philip Neri, and St. Theresa rise superior to the laws usually associated with an apple and Sir Isaac Newton? If fairies are to blame, why do we hear so little of Italian and Peruvian fairies on other occasions? As to philosophy, if philosophy could do it (as in the case of Iamblichus), why were Kant, Hegel, Locke, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, not to mention Dugald Stewart and Mr. Herbert Spencer, chained to earth? Finally, if Mr. Burchell is right, if "Fudge" is to be our verdict, why, from Peru to Assisi,

ART NOTES.

The centre of interest in things pertaining to art has shifted from London to the Continent, and foreign galleries and museums will for the next few weeks be the meeting place of those who continue to pursue their studies or their pleasure. The Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, and the Mauritshuis at the Hague, will show to travellers the results of a generous rivalry between State and municipal patronage. The Musée Royal at Brussels, in like manner, finds a worthy competitor in the Antwerp Gallery, in its historical arrangement of works of the Flemish schools. If the Louvre be too well known—which we hasten to deny there are provincial museums in France, from Lille to Montpellier, which deserve more than a flying visit; while some of the smaller galleries of Germany, such as those of Brunswick, Cassel, and Frankfort, or of Italy, such as those of Brescia, Parma, and Bologna, will repay the traveller in search of art treasures of the past scarcely less than the better known collections of Dresden and Berlin, Vienna, Venice, and Florence.

In Paris, on the left bank of the Seine and in the heart of the Quartier Latin, the new schools of the Sorbonne are rapidly approaching completion, and the Minister of Fine Arts has decided that their decoration—as well as that of the neighbouring Museum of Natural History—shall be carried out on a plan worthy of the buildings. Five of the most prominent sculptors have been commissioned to execute a series of bas-reliefs for the façade. Two of these will represent types of the human race; M. Frémiet will contribute a fight between wild beasts, and M. Marqueste a fight between men and animals. Eleven pictures or mural paintings are also to be executed for the Sorbonne by prominent artists: M. Besnard will decorate the class-room for chemistry, M. Gervex that for physical science, and M. Montenard that for mineralogy; while in one of the large lecture-rooms M. Rixens will paint a picture commemorating the jubilee of M. Pasteur. The artists are to be allowed absolute freedom in their designs and choice of subjects, having regard to their connection with the special uses of each salle.



A ROYAL RELIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE: SEDAN-CHAIR USED BY QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

to India, to Zululand, is it always the same old fudge? As the poet very wisely says—

These are the questions nobody can answer.

These are the problems nobody can solve.

We need a wider collection of instances before we can employ the Baconian method, and attain a truly scientific conclusion. In the meantime, floating about is clearly no reason for spiritual pride and moral arrogance. People have been burned for it before now, and Mr. Stead, if he adds this accomplishment to his power of automatic writing, must be very careful.

A ROYAL RELIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

There has just been placed in the Vandyke Room at Windsor Castle an interesting relic of the reign of King Charles I., whose portrait, with those of his family, adorns the walls of the State apartment. It is a very elegantly constructed sedan-chair, formerly used by the unfortunate monarch's French consort, Queen Henrietta Maria, which, after remaining almost unnoticed for nearly two hundred and fifty years in the Lord Chamberlain's stores, has been successfully renovated under the careful supervision of Mr. Leonard Collmann. The chair, which is of a light and graceful design of the Louis XIV. period, is covered with crimson leather, the panels enriched with wreaths and emblematic devices, beautifully executed in gilt-brass *repoussé* work. The lower side panels have in the centre a Cupid, standing before the half-figures of a lion and a unicorn; on the back is another Cupid, in a sailing boat. The movable top is surmounted by a crown, with heavy crimson silk tassels depending from its four corners. The interior is tastefully upholstered with flowered silk, and the windows have fringed curtains.

year to the Berlin exhibition, and there is also a small contingent of English and American painters, who show to considerable advantage beside the academic work of the Berlin professors.

The inexorable law which presides over cause and effect is exemplified in its full force in the history of British sculpture. In the last century a certain number of noblemen and others did patronise this art; and although experience showed that our climate was not the best adapted to out-of-doors exhibition, in the country houses there were often to be found niches and spaces favourable for the display of such work. Under this half-languid patronage British sculpture had at least the chance of living, and occasionally good work was the result. Unfortunately the encouragement was, at the best, intermittent, and Nollekens, Flaxman, and Chantrey were separated by too wide intervals to exercise any permanent influence. The State has altogether held itself aloof from any attempt to raise the standard of our national art—although it must be admitted that two or three of the figures in Westminster Palace are not without a certain merit. The City Companies, who might have been steady patrons and ornamented their halls, have, as a rule, been discouraged when attempting to spend money on objects not directly connected with the assumed intentions of their original founders. The Goldsmiths' Company, when it purchased Mr. Story's two famous figures of Cleopatra and the Sybil, drew down a shower of hostile criticism from within and without, and the example thus set has had few followers. When we read that in various parts of France at least a dozen monuments have been inaugurated in the course of a week, we can realise the reasons which make French sculpture a living art.

BEWAR THE BAR!

Beware the Bear! Yes, that is the moral of this little tale from Carglen, in the North. It will be remembered that the above was the inscription which met the eye of Edward Waverley in more places than one when, after voyaging safely through Tully Veolan, he came to haven in the domains of the Baron of Bradwardine. He had cause to think of it also later on, when the bear, in another form than that of heraldry, came into view. When the vessel known as the "Blessed Bear of Bradwardine" began to circulate among the guests, and each one had to quaff a mighty bumper in its honour, the results that followed were too well fitted to remind him of the motto "Bewar the Bar." And this is the sense in which the moral affects my story.

It is a cold, wintry morning, then, in the month of December. All around the farm of Linkerstown the dark shadows still linger, though it is eight by the clock. But this timekeeper is an ancient one, standing "batt the hoose" and going steadily for eight days, and it has the excellent merit of heading all other parish timekeepers by a good half-hour. Thus it is eight o'clock at the farm of Linkerstown when ordinary folks find it scarce half-past seven.

There is "a nipping and an eager air" abroad in the early morning, but inside the barn, where strong arms swing the flail and thresh the corn, it seems very cosy, and the little oil-lamp that burns on the wall has a warm look about it. The threshers are Kit Clerk and Willie Eyal, both men of lusty sinew and serene temper. It is true that a short week ago Kit did battle like a hero of old for the love of a bonnie lass and fell before the strong onslaught of his rival, Sam Tocher; but it is said that Kit, through anxiety of affection, was not quite himself that night. Willie, an older man, is short, stout, and somewhat "wizened," as we call it, but his body has been battered by all weathers into a wiry endurance that nothing can disturb. A ploughman and farm-labourer who has been about in sun and wind, snow and sleet, for five-and-thirty years bears not only a tanned skin, but has something akin to the elements with which he has warred stored up in his arms and limbs. Kit is a sober, well-doing fellow, but Willie has one sad fault. He may be found somewhat too frequently in the Carglen Arms, and though a man dare not take more than he can decently carry in presence of mine host Dauvit Annan, yet there are ways of adding to what has been imbibed

in the "Arms," and Willie knows them too well! At such times Willie would not admit that he was "fou." Like the Baron of Bradwardine, in similar plight, he would certainly declare, if he knew Latin, that although he might be *ebriolus*, yet he was not *ebrius*. But in Willie's case, as in the Baron's, this statement would appear to an observer as a distinction without a difference.

To-day, however, Willie is in glorious trim, and he makes the flail fly around his head and down upon the sheaves of corn with as much skill and energy as (going to Walter Scott again for a comparison) Gurth the son of Beowulf caused his quarterstaff to fly around the shoulders of Robin Hood's stout miller in the woods by Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The barn is a quaint old place. Carglen has not yet caught the modern air in any quarter, but even in Carglen this farm of Linkerstown with its ramshackle buildings appears like a thing come out of a far-away time. The roof of the barn is riddled in a score of places, for must not the rats find their

way out and in? So tame are they that you may observe an occasional face and glittering eyes look down placidly from the rafters upon the men swinging the flail. At those times when the roof has to be replenished with a new coating of thatch the rats may be seen reconnoitring through their passage ways, and reflecting, no doubt, that the best laid schemes o' men gang aft agley, and that the rat creation are quite capable of excavating even through new-laid thatch.

Kit Clerk pauses for a moment to wipe the sweat from his brow, and Willie must needs, too, bring the flail to a standstill for a time.

"Ye'll hae heard o't," says Kit, laconically, referring to his grievous disappointment in love.

"Ay!" replies Willie, who assumes a sympathetic look.

always spoken of as the "Arms"—its plain sandel parlour, and the host, whose full-moon face shed light from behind the bar. I have told, also, that Dauvit was the first apostle of temperance among a people who sadly needed such a prophet. Dauvit was not a preacher of teetotalism, certainly, but he was hard on the illicit still! And what was more, perhaps, to the point, he would not tolerate over-indulgence in "his hoose." If a man showed symptoms of inebriety—above all, if he couldn't keep a quiet tongue in his head—terrible measures were resorted to. The services of Dauvit's Hercules, Jock Geddes, were requisitioned, and the culprit was forthwith marched into an inner sanctum. What took place there was never fully known to the outside world, but the punishment was manifestly of the right sort, for it was unfailing in its effect.

To-night, however, Dauvit's face does not shed its light from behind the bar. He has a touch of the "roomatics," and keeps to his bed. The State is therefore without its legitimate head, and a spirit of lawlessness is abroad.

Up yonder, in a corner, sit the two men whom we saw at work with the flail in the morning, and with them is Jacob McWilliam, frae the Stances o' Baldiear. Kit feels like Duncan Gray may be supposed to have felt when he "spak' o' lowpin' o'er a limm." And the soul of Jacob, too, is sadly wrung within him, for his ambition has sustained a nasty reverse. A few days ago he was a candidate for the precentorship in the Auld Kirk, his rival being Willie Jenkins, an outsider from Buffton. Jacob piped long and loudly in the face of all the congregation; but, alas! the vote went against him. Now, Kit may, perhaps, get another love; but Jacob knows that there is but one precentorship in Carglen Auld Kirk, and that it has gone from him for ever. Kit and he, though they try to look preternaturally sober, are certainly *ebrii*, and Willie is, to say the least, *ebriolus*.

Loud roars the din, until at ten at night they arise to take their leave. As they go out at the back door and into the courtyard, Jock Geddes trembles in his soul. He follows the three hurriedly, but he is only in time to see them roll ingloriously into the black, grimy Scylla that yawns there, a trap for the unwary. Duncan Gray never felt the cold waters of his limm though he "spak' o' lowpin' o'er it," but Kit, without speaking of "lowpin'" at all, has come sadly to grief.

On the morrow Kit is a wiser man, but Dauvit

Annan is nevertheless determined to improve the occasion. He takes counsel with a youngster who is reported to be "gey gleggin' the uptak," but who gives to books of a miscellaneous character much of the time he ought to give to his Latin. Now, it so chances that this youth has been reading "Waverley," and he tells Dauvit the story of the family motto and the "Blessed Bear of Bradwardine."

"Man, that's jest it!" cries Dauvit; and he does not rest until the words are painted in flaming characters upon the parlour wall. There they stand for many a day, and, as Dauvit points to them, he has a double story to tell—the legend from "Waverley" and the "ower-true tale" of the three transgressors.

But Pete McQueben has a flash of inspiration, and he declares "the bit callant has made a clean fule o' auld Dauvit, for there's nae bear intil' t at a'; it jest tells ye tae bewaur o' the *Bar*, a queer thing tae say o' sic a cosy place, an' it's an ill bird that files its ain nest."—ALEXANDER GORDON.



THE FISHERMAN'S GREETING.

Kit is silent for a few seconds, evidently nerving himself to a great resolution, and then he adds, "I'll be gangin' awa' doon tae Dauvit Annan's the nicht."

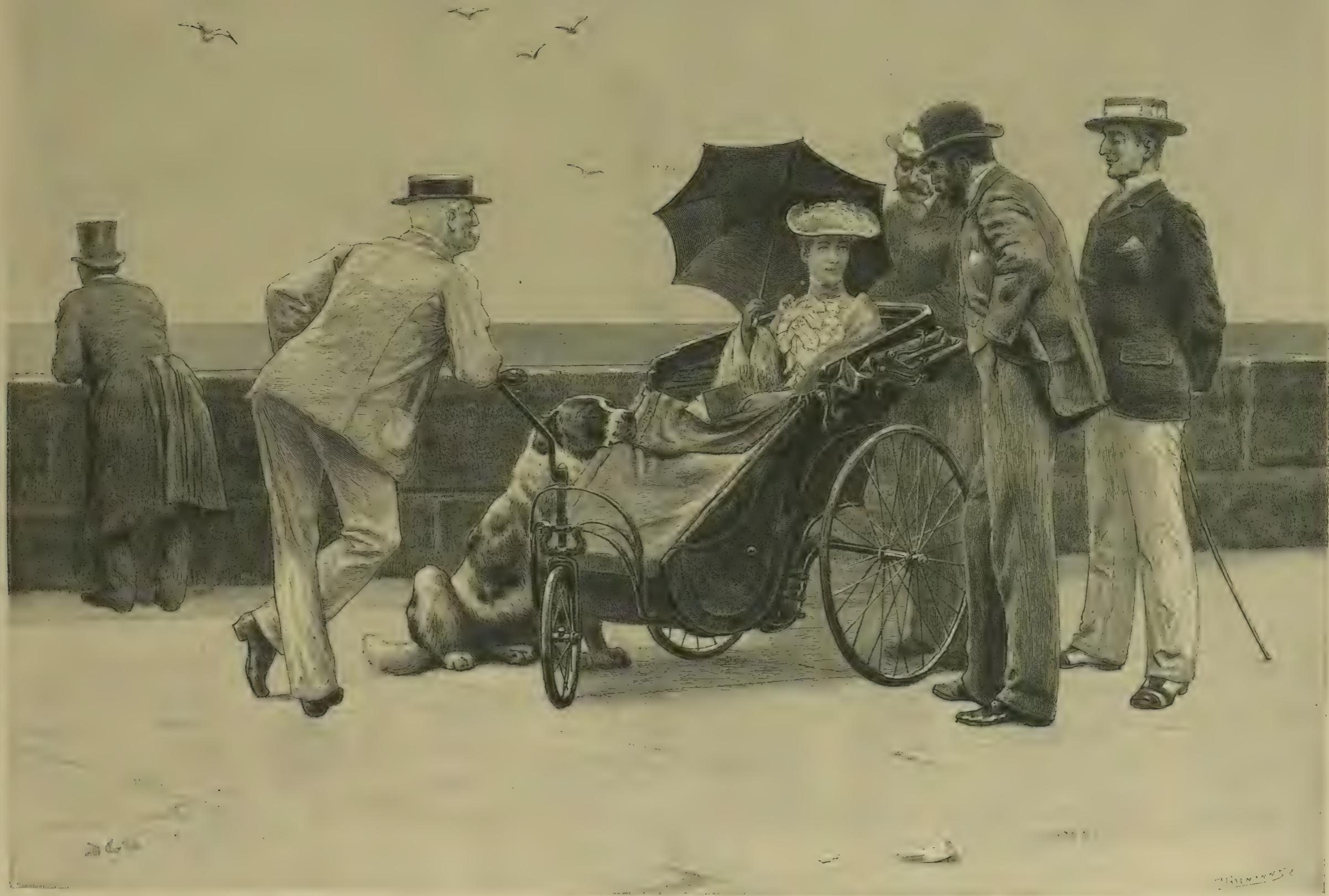
Willie's breath is taken "a' oot o' his breest" (to use his own phrase) by this information, for hitherto Kit has had an ill word at all times for the Carglen Arms. But he says to Kit, "Awel, an' is it like that, freen'? Ay, ay, nae doot. Niver heed, Wullie's your man."

Then Willie begins to sing—

"For there's as gude fish intae the sea
As iver yet was taken;
I'll cast my net intae't again
Altho' I be forsaken."

But the brawny Kit only heaves a great sigh and looks like one who in his misery must needs ride post-haste to the de'il. And the first step on the journey, he thinks, may fitly be taken at the Carglen Arms by Whiteyell burn.

I have elsewhere pretty fully described this little inn,



"LA MALLEADE IMAGINAIREE."
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent sends me an account of his having seen a live fish dug out of the earth of a plain in India. The fish was imbedded about a foot from the surface of the ground. The explanation of this circumstance, I believe, may be found in the fact that certain fishes (and among them Indian species) have acquired a habit of existing out of water for considerable periods. Their breathing arrangements have been modified, so as to enable them to utilise air obtained directly from the atmosphere. Possibly the fish which my correspondent saw dug out was one of those which possess the power of living a dual existence, aquatic and terrestrial. The pools or swamps inhabited by the fishes may have become dried up, and they become terrestrial breathers, so to speak, until the advent of the rains which restore them to their aquatic life.

Such a state of matters, I may add, is very typically represented in a small group of fishes, of which the Lepidosirens of the Amazon and Gambia are representatives. Here the fish has its swimming-bladder converted into lungs: it also possesses ordinary gills for aquatic breathing. In the dry season it packs itself into the mud and lies dormant in a kind of nest to which air is admitted by an aperture. There are certain other queer fishes (in India) breathing by gills, but which require to gulp down air from the atmosphere as part and parcel of their normal habits. If a net be placed above the water in which they are kept, so as to prevent their access to the air, they die suffocated. Knowing the curious modifications which exist in the breathing arrangements of fishes, we need not feel greatly surprised to find certain species capable of surviving under conditions which would render existence impossible of continuance in the case of ordinary members of the class.

I have been much edified by a perusal of the report of the proceedings at the Anti-Alcoholic Congress lately held at the Hague. Instead of giving forth to the world a universal and harmonious condemnation of the use of alcohol in any shape or form, it seems to me one effect of the proceedings has been to strengthen greatly the views of those who, while fully recognising the evils of excess in alcohol (or anything else), and who, while deprecating its ordinary use (which tends to excess), are, nevertheless, by no means disposed to admit that alcohol has no value dietetically, or that it may not prove a useful adjunct to food in many cases, apart altogether from its value in the treatment of disease. Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., startled the Congress by the repetition of views with which, I make bold to say, most physiologists will heartily agree, and other physicians discoursed on the value of light beers much to the same extent. If the abstainers may well stand aghast at medical opinions on this matter, I cannot but think the world at large will still be the better of the lessons the Congress inculcated. For it is a question, this, which is one of temperance, and not purely one of abstinence; it is a question also of the education of the people in the nature of alcohol, in its qualities and properties, and, above all, in its relationship to the physical life and wants of the individual.

Long ago I was pretty roundly and soundly abused by a certain section of fanatics for the publication of certain opinions about alcohol in my Combe Trust lectures on physiology and health. My business was (and is) to set before the people the scientific phases of the alcohol question—that is, the place alcohol holds in relation to food and nutrition. Needless to say, I do not speak without consideration, or without fortifying myself with the opinions of physiologists who may be presumed, I fancy, to know more about alcohol, scientifically, than other and unscientific persons. I found that all the evidence which could be collected from the views, opinions, and experience of physicians and physiologists might be summed up in three propositions. These were: first, that alcohol was injurious to the young and growing body; second, that it was not a necessity for healthy adult life; and third, that alcohol had certain important dietetic uses, and as important uses in the treatment of certain diseases.

The fanatics used to tell me that they agreed (as I expected) with my first and second propositions, but (as I also foresaw) they regarded my third proposition as untenable. I have never yet had the error or irrationality of that third proposition demonstrated to me. It maintains exactly what Sir Dyce Duckworth and the majority of experienced physicians teach; that, used with food, and used, of course, wisely, moderately, and relatively to individual wants, alcohol is often a useful adjunct to diet. I do not say it is a food, any more than tea and coffee are foods; nor do I say that the common drinking customs of this or any other country are to be supported. Far from it; such customs represent the abuse of alcohol, not its use, as indicated by my third proposition. I would force no man to take alcohol, any more than I would permit anybody to prevent me from using alcohol, tobacco, or anything else which my experience taught me did me good, or aided the maintenance of health and vitality.

The rampant error of fanatics, in this or in any other matter, is that of applying universals to particulars. As I have more than once maintained in this column, no man can safely argue, as fanatical persons do, that what suits him in foods and drinks must, necessarily, suit everybody else. All the same, there is no panacea for the curse of drunkenness, unless it be the spread of education among the people, teaching them the wisdom of self-control and the practice of moderation in all things. Historically, the use of alcohol can be proved, of course, to exhibit a very long and respectable antiquity, and, I suppose, mankind will always demand a something or other which has the power of promoting conviviality. The pity of it is that the border-line between alcoholic use and abuse is often very thinly drawn; but I fail to see that with the spread of education before us we should fear any increase of inebriety. On the contrary, I think, in this very matter of alcohol, we are yearly getting more and more temperate—and I say this, even while the figures of the national drink bill appear to contradict hopeful persons like myself.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

J E SMART. See notice to several correspondents in our last impression respecting No. 2573. The true defence appears to have baffled not a few of the solvers.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—Glad to hear from you again. The inclosure is an interesting composition, and will require more than ordinary care in examination.

F HOSKING.—All correct solutions are acknowledged. Possibly your letter may have been overlooked. We give you credit for solution in the present number.

G G CHALLICE (Belfast). Your proposed solution is incorrect. If you will examine the position again you will find that Black has a good defence at hand.

W HAWKINS. Obviously a mistake for Q to R 8th, after which all is plain sailing.

W WRIGHT.—Thanks for additional problem. The others sent a few weeks ago are, we regret to say, too easy for publication.

F WEBB.—The two-mover is very neat, but that in three, though clever in idea, admits of another solution by 1. Q to Kt 5th, &c.

R LONGLEY. A problem that consists of a series of checks is worthless. In future, describe your positions on diagrams, and write the solutions in full on the back.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2569 received from Karoo (Cape Town); of No. 2572 from Medicus (Philadelphia); of No. 2574 from Howich, Ernst Rohde (Hamburg), Henry Brandreth, F Hosking, F Rudman (Swindon), W T R (New Mills), and Romeo and Juliet; of No. 2575 from Hereward, Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), Howich, and W R Railem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2570 received from J Coad, T Roberts, Shadforth, W R Railem, J Hall, A Newman, Henry Brandreth, E H E, Hereward, J Ross (Whitley), Julia Short (Exeter), W Wright, Howich, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), G Joicey, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), L Desanges, F Kenward, W P Hind, G D Angas, W R B (Plymouth), H S Brandreth, F J Knight, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), C M A B, Alpha, E Loudon, H H Brooks, Martin F, C E Perugini, J T T (Frampton), A J Habgood (Haslar), Blair Cochrane (Clewer), T F Vendover, B J Holdsworth, H F W Lane, T G (Ware), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Merthyn, Sorrento (Dawlish), A M'Clintock, and W T R (New Mills).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2475.—By W. PERCY HIND.

WHITE.

1. Kt takes B P
2. P to Ktth
3. R mates

BLACK.

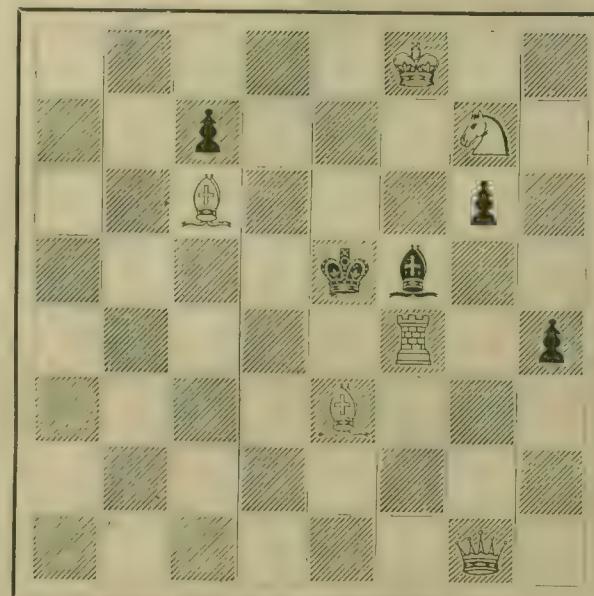
K takes Kt
P takes P (*en pass.*)

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Kt to Q 3rd; if 1. P moves, 2. R to K 4th; and if 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Kt to K 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2578.

By D. E. H. NOYES.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Consultation game at the Divan, Mr. BLACKBURNE opposing another professional and amateur consulting.

(By Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies)
1. P to K 4th	B to K 4th	13. B takes Kt	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd
3. B to K 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	15. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Castles (Q R)	K to B 3rd
5. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3rd	17. P to K Kt 4th	Q R to Q sq
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. P to B 5th	P takes B P
7. B to K 3rd	Castles	19. Kt P takes P	B to B sq
8. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. Kt to Q 5th	

Black's Kt to K 2nd defence has given them a weak position on the King's side. Here P to R 4th seems advisable.

9. P to R 5th

10. B to K 2nd

11. B to Q 2nd

12. P to B 4th

13. Q to Q 2nd

14. R to K B 3rd

15. P to K 4th

16. Q to K 4th

17. P to R 6th

18. Kt to R 6th

19. Q to K 4th

20. Kt to R 6th

21. Q to R 6th

22. Kt to B 6th

23. P takes B

24. B to Q 3rd

Not good, as it leads to the exchange of the Bishop, Black's best defensive weapon.

A crushing move which, seeing that Black's game is already poor, may be said to win.

The alternative is P to B 3rd, which also loses in a few moves by R to Kt sq (ch), &c.

A strong move, and preventing Black's Kt to Kt 6th.

Black's Kt to K 2nd defence has given them a weak position on the King's side. Here P to R 4th seems advisable.

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11. B to Q 2nd

12. P to B 4th

13. Q to Q 2nd

14. R to K B 3rd

15. P to K 4th

16. Q to K 4th

17. P to R 6th

18. Kt to R 6th

19. Q to K 4th

20. Kt to R 6th

21. Q to R 6th

22. Kt to B 6th

23. P takes B

24. B to Q 3rd

Resigns

A crushing move which, seeing that Black's game is already poor, may be said to win.

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16. Q to K 4th

17. P to R 6th

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18. Kt to R 6th

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21. Q to R 6th

22. Kt to B 6th

23. P takes B

24. B to Q 3rd

Resigns

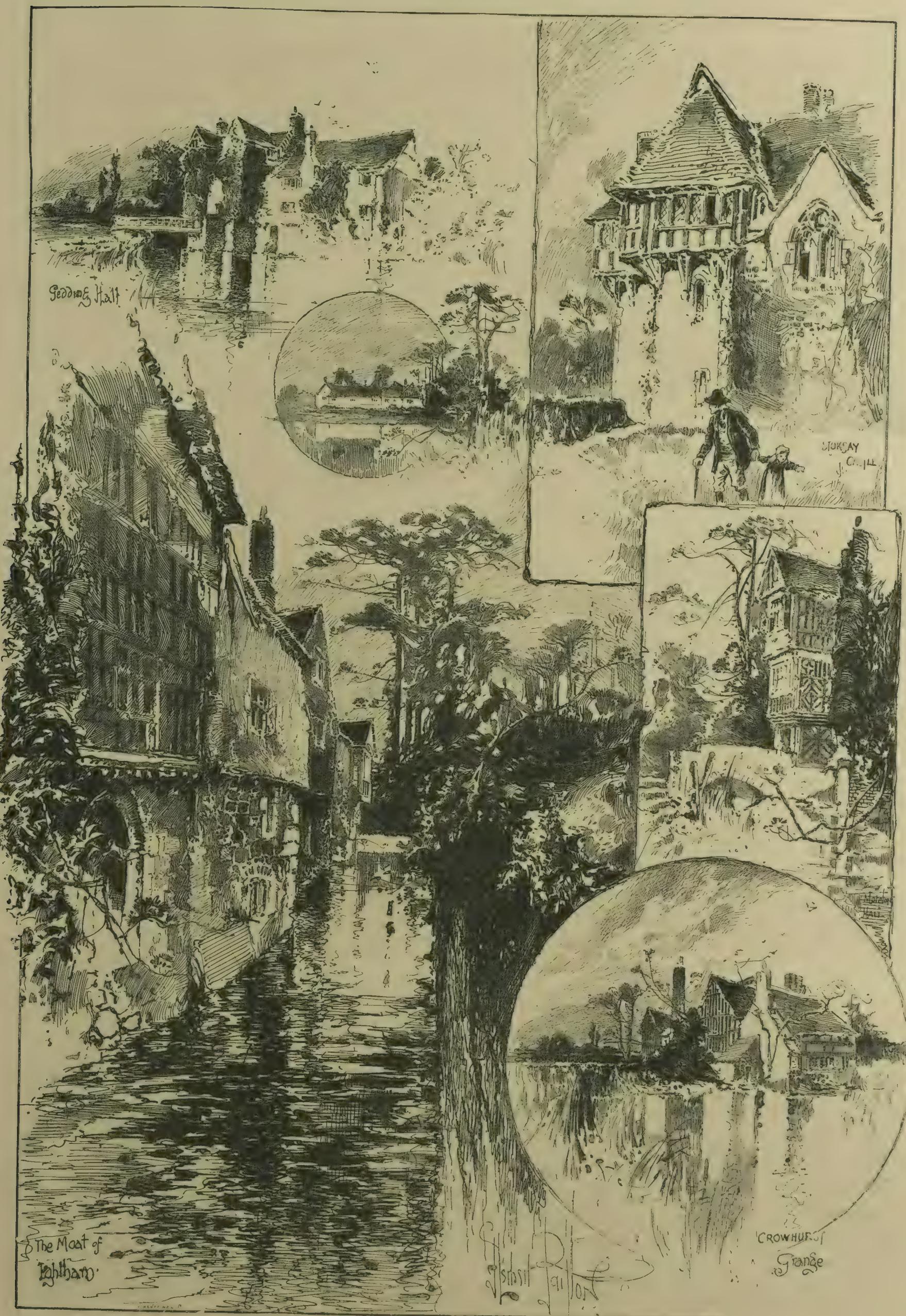
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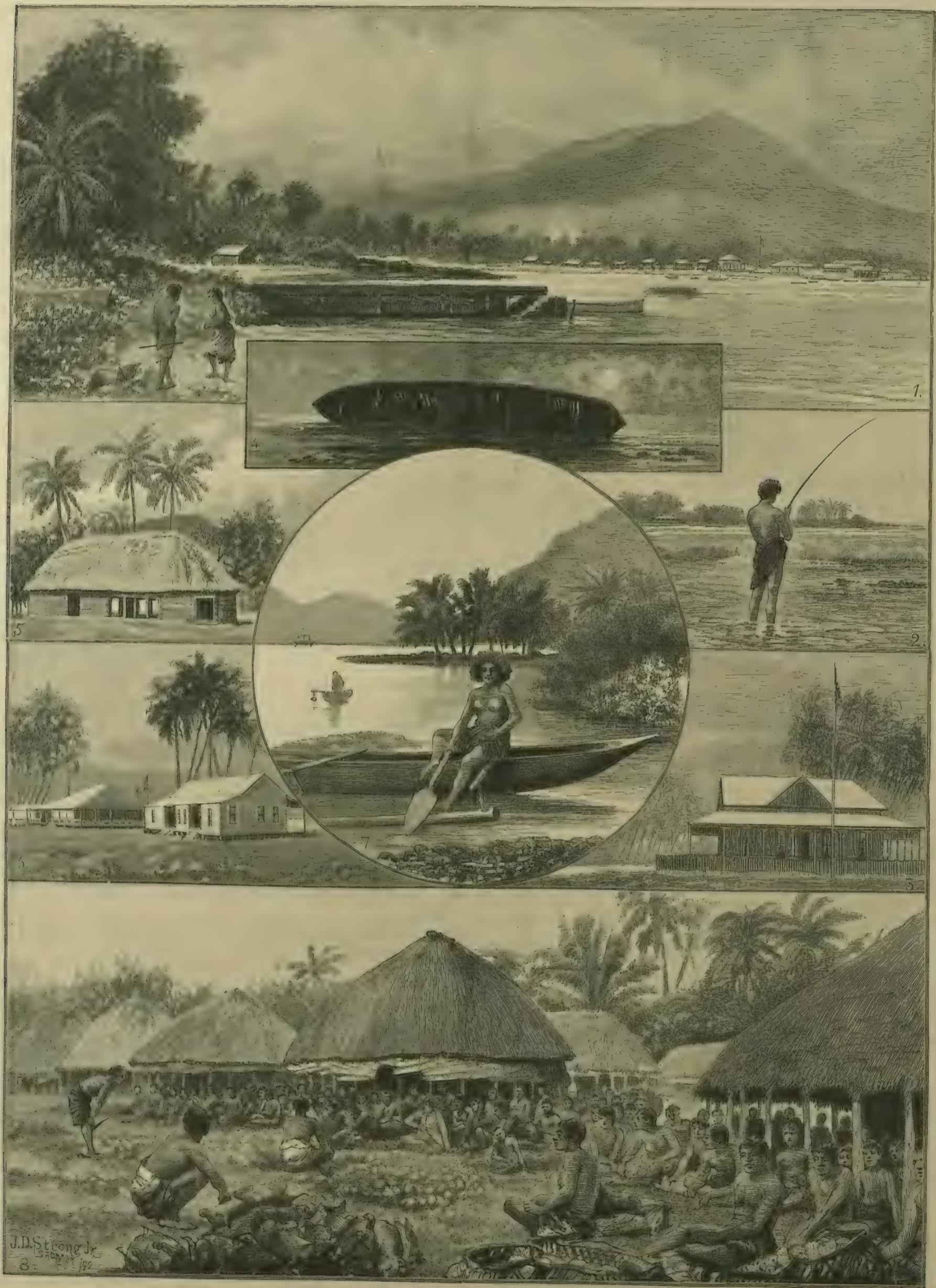
9. P to R 5th

10. B to K 2nd

11. B to Q 2nd



RAMBLING SKETCHES: MOATED HOUSES.



1. Part of the town, seen from the eastern extremity of the harbour.
2. A native fisherman.
3. Residence of Baron Senft von Pilsach.

4. Remains of the German war-ship Adler, cast upon the reef by the hurricane of 1888.
5. Hut in which King Malietoa resided.

6. Supreme Court.
7. Canoe in Pago-Pago harbour.
8. Meeting of natives presenting food to Mataafa.



CAMEOS FROM THE "PEKING GAZETTE."
LYNCH LAW.

The *Peking Gazette* is in China what the *London Gazette* is among ourselves. It is purely an official publication. It is edited by mandarins appointed for the purpose, and contains only imperial edicts, official announcements, and memorials from the provincial authorities. Its contents differ, therefore, from that of an ordinary newspaper, in that they bear in every particular the imprimatur of official authority. Nothing appears in it except that which is either issued by the State or tested by evidence. The following instances of Lynch law taken from its pages, illustrating as they do the existence of an almost savage system of justice side by side with the administration of a recognised criminal code, are interesting, as showing how thin in China is the veneer of civilisation which conceals the inhuman side of the Asiatic character.

In a recent volume of the *Gazette* the Governor of Yunnan reported to the Throne that there existed in that province a practice of punishing persons who plundered their neighbours' crops by burning them alive. He was entirely of opinion that the habit was most reprehensible, and protested that he had used every endeavour to suppress it. Notwithstanding his exertions, however, he was compelled to state that in the Ch'uching Prefecture a case of the kind had recently occurred. A certain man named Pung, while on his way to keep guard over his own patch of corn, passed through a field of maize farmed by a neighbour. In an idle moment he broke off an ear of the corn, and, being detected in the act by a watchman, took to his heels and ran. The farmer, who may possibly have previously suffered serious depredations, at once reported the matter to his landlord, who agreed with him in thinking that Pung should be made to suffer the penalty of his crimes by being burned to death. In accordance with the precedents set in such instances, the villagers were summoned to an assembly, and the case was laid before them. A section of the meeting were disposed to treat the matter lightly, as not constituting any serious offence, but the majority thought otherwise, and authorised the landlord and farmer to burn his man to death. In vain the victim's mother pleaded for his life with prayers and tears, and the only result of her interference was that she was compelled, under threats of instant death, to sign a paper expressing her concurrence in the sentence. A heap of brushwood was then hastily gathered together in an empty place outside the village, and Pung, having been securely bound, was carried to the spot and placed upon the pyre. In order further to protect themselves against the consequences of any accusation which the sufferer's mother might bring against them, the executioners compelled her to set fire to the pile with her own hand. In an agony of grief and remorse at the part she had been made to play, the miserable woman reported the matter to the local authorities, who at once arrested the landlord and farmer and sent a statement of the circumstances to the Governor. That officer, on investigation, found that

in 1750 a law was passed which provided that in case of a man being burnt alive by a body of persons the principal offender shall be put to death by the slicing process, and the participants in the act shall be beheaded. Acting in obedience to this decree the Governor was proceeding to execute the culprits when he found that the landlord had already died in prison. The farmer, however, being still within the reach of the law, was at once beheaded.

A somewhat similar case, which occurred in Kiangsu, at the other end of the empire, is reported in the same volume of the *Gazette*. The Governor, who memorialises the Throne on the subject, states that though there is some conflict of testimony as to details, the fact remains that a band of fourteen soldiers attempted to commit a burglary in the Fênghsien district, and that, being unable to effect an entrance into the dwelling, they carried off some sacks of salt from an outhouse. An alarm having been given, the villagers assembled to beat of gong, and pursued the thieves. After a hand-to-hand encounter the soldiers were made prisoners, and, having been tried by a drum-head court-martial, were sentenced to be burnt alive. Without a moment's delay they were carried to the river's bank and there expiated their offence, their ashes being thrown into the water. As the soldiers had been unquestionably guilty of robbery, the Governor considered that they brought their fate upon themselves, and in this the Emperor agreed with him. But his Majesty felt that "the lawless ferocity shown by the salt-owners should not be allowed to go unpunished," and he therefore ordered the immediate arrest of the principal offenders and the infliction of various penalties on the local authorities. To what extent these decisions were carried out, deponent sayeth not, except that it is announced that the local military mandarin was cashiered.

On board the French cruiser *Duguay Trouin*, at Tahiti, in the South Pacific Ocean, an accident in gunnery practice has killed four men and wounded many others of the crew, by the bursting of a gun from the premature explosion of the shell.

The colony of Natal and the port of Durban have obtained a boon which they have long desired, by the Transvaal or South American Republic, through a vote of its Volksrad, assenting to the extension of the line of the Natal Railway from Charlestown into the Transvaal, competing with the traffic thither by the route from the Cape Colony.

On the East African coast, Mr. Rennell Rodd, Acting British Consul-General at Zanzibar, has returned from Vitu, with the British war-vessels *Blanche*, *Swallow*, and *Sparrow*, and fighting in that neighbourhood was at an end. A garrison of Soudanese remains in possession of Vitu, under Mr. Thompson. But a despatch from Kismayu announces a revolt of the Somalis, on Aug. 11, at Turkil Kili, near Cobwen, where half the Soudanese garrison deserted, joining the rebels, and Mr. Hamilton, the British East Africa Company's officer, was killed.

OBITUARY.

SIR RICHARD PRICE PULESTON, BART.
Sir Richard Price Puleston, of Emral Park, in the county of Flint, J.P. and D.L., third Baronet, died on Aug. 14. He was the eldest son of the late Sir Richard Puleston, and was born Dec. 27, 1813. He was formerly captain in the 75th and 44th Regiments; he served with the Cape Cavalry through the Kaffir War, on General Sir H. Smith's staff. He succeeded his father Dec. 19, 1860, and is succeeded by his half-brother, the Rev. Theophilus Gresley Henry Puleston, Rector of Worthenbury, Flintshire, since 1848. The new Baronet was born in 1823.

SIR JOHN WARREN HAYES, BART.
Sir John Warren Hayes, of Westminster, M.A., third Baronet, died recently. He was the second son of Sir John Macnamara Hayes, Bart., M.D., and was born Aug. 12, 1799. He married, Sept. 10, 1844, Ellen, second daughter of Mr. George Edward Beauchamp, of The Priory, Berks. He succeeded his eldest brother in the baronetcy, Sept. 5, 1851. He was Rector of Arborfield, Berks, from 1840 to 1880. He was one of the oldest Freemasons living, having been a member of the Masonic order for seventy years. He was made a Grand Chaplain in 1844.

THE REV. SIR W. VESEY ROSS MAHON, BART.

The Rev. Sir William Vesey Ross Mahon, of Castlegar, in the county of Galway, fourth Baronet, died on Aug. 14, 1813, and married Oct. 12, 1853, Jane, second daughter of the Rev. Henry King, of Ballylin, King's County. He succeeded his second brother in the baronetcy, on March 11, 1852, and is succeeded by his second son, William Henry, captain in the 4th Battalion Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire) Regiment. The new Baronet was born Dec. 31, 1856.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Arnold William White, who had been the Queen's Solicitor for the last twenty-eight years, on Aug. 13, aged sixty-three. He was knighted in 1887.

General A. J. Gonzales, a famous Cuban revolutionist, recently, aged seventy-six.

Mgr. Leonti, Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, on Aug. 14, aged seventy.

The Right Rev. Dr. W. B. Chester, Bishop of Killaloe, on Aug. 27, aged seventy.

M. Jean Marinovitch, ex-Minister of Servia in Paris, recently, aged seventy-three.

Mappin & Webb's

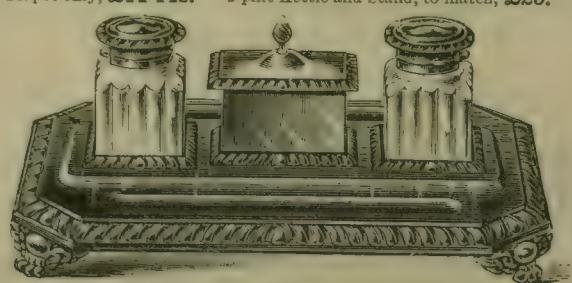
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Post Free.



Handsome Crystal Cut Glass Claret Jug, with massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £11 11s.



Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45. 2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.



Sterling Silver Inkstand, rich Gadroon Mounts. 10 inches, £15 10s. 12 inches, £19 10s.

Sterling
Silver Plate.

Richly Chased 3-handle Sterling Silver Tankard on Ebonised Block, Gilt inside, 8 pints. Sterling Silver, £14 10s.



Sterling Silver Salvers, rich Leopard Pattern Border, Pierced and Engraved, very handsome. 8 inches .. £10 0s. 11 inches .. £27 10s. 10 " .. 14 14s. 16 " .. 36 10s. 12 " .. 19 10s. 18 " .. 48 10s.

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How LIPTON'S TEAS have reached a pinnacle of success NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED by ANY TEA in the WORLD.

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And is Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated TEA ESTATES, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea Land in Ceylon, viz.: Dambatenne, Laymastoote, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella. He has also extensive Export and Shipping Warehouses in Colombo and Calcutta, thereby

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WHEN AT LIPTON'S YOU CAN BUY

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at **1/7** per lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT.

per **1/-** and **1/4** lb.

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CHIEF OFFICES AND STORES FOR GERMANY: 73 and 77, GROSSE REICHENSTRASSE, HAMBURG.

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SPECIAL.—Old Gold and Silver and Precious Stones taken in Exchange or Bought for Cash. Valuations made for Probate at a Specially Low Rate. Old Jewellery Remodelled.

New Scarf Pin. Stones set transparent. Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.



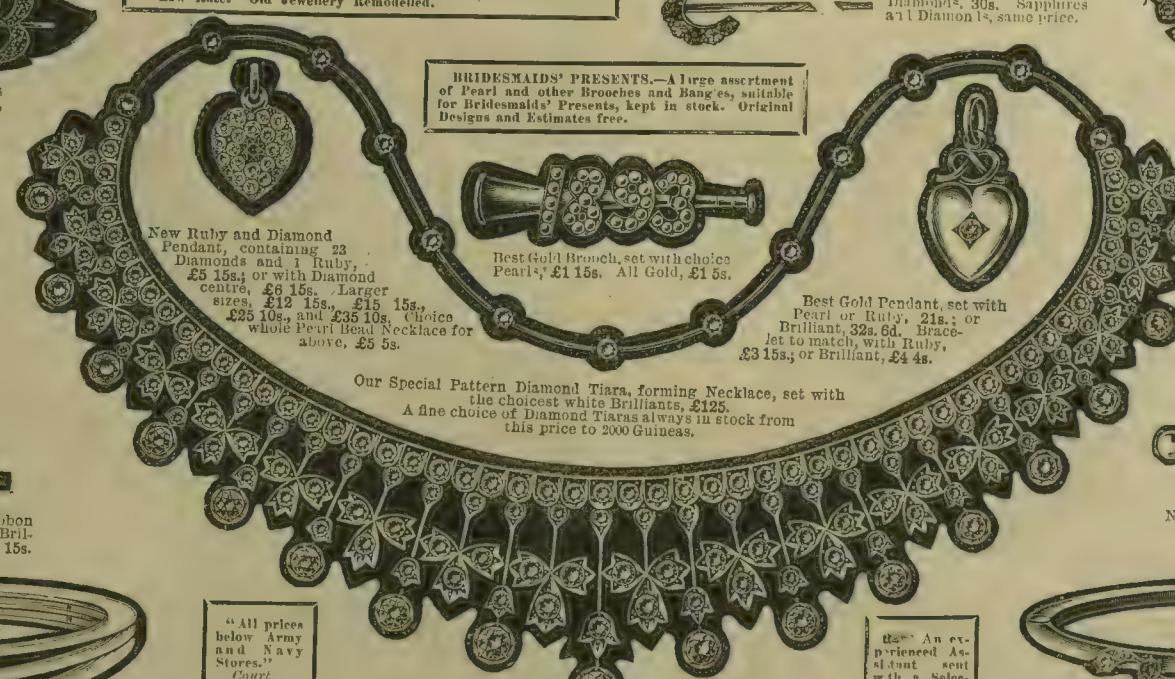
New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s.

Brooch and Bangle for 1892 can still be had.



The MAY Brooch, Best Gold, £1 10s.; Soft Gold, £1 1s.; Sterling Silver, 10s. 6d.

Rd. 185,960.



BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.—A large assortment of Pearl and other Brooches and Bangles, suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents, kept in stock. Original Designs and Estimates free.

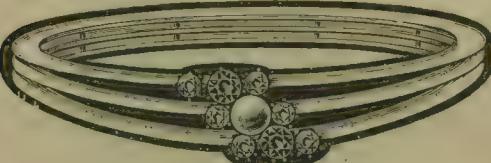


Best Gold Pendant, set with Pearl or Ruby, 21s.; or Brilliant, 32s. 6d. Bracelet to match, with Ruby, £3 15s.; or Brilliant, £4 4s.

New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.



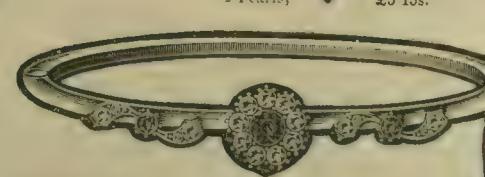
New Double-Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.



New Bracelet, £10 10s., set with 6 fine Brilliants, 1 Ruby and Sapphire, and a fine whole Pearl.

All prices below Army and Navy Stores. Court Circular.

Dear An experienced Assistant sent with a Selection of Goods if desired.



New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.



Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants and Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s.

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CAUTION.—The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to caution Purchasers against inferior imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under—



Necklace with centre Stone, Size 21, properly graduated, £1000. Size 18, £950. Size 16, £750. Size 15, £700. Size 14, £650. Size 13, £600. Size 12, £550. Size 11, £500. Size 10, £450. Size 9, £400. Size 8, £350. Size 7, £300. Size 6, £250. Size 5, £200.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 26, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 1 following), of Mr. Thomas Buckmaster, late of Bruntsfield House, Grove Road, Brixton, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Aug. 22 by George Frederick Billinge and Ernest Cheyne, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £233,000. The testator gives £400 each to the Middlesex Hospital, the Westminster Hospital (Broad Sanctuary), St. Thomas's Hospital, and King's College Hospital; £300 to the British Home for Incurables (Clapham); £200 each to the London City Mission, the Army Scripture Readers' Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Missionary Society, the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), and the Benevolent Institution for Aged and Infirm Journey-men Tailors (Haverstock Hill); £100 each to the Royal Humane Society, the Marylebone Girls' Charity Schools (Devonshire Place, N.), the Industrial Home for Girls (Stockwell Road), and the Religious Tract Society; £300 to the Rev. Mars Hamilton Begbie, Vicar of St. Michael's, Brixton; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Middlemist; and legacies to relatives and executors. He devises his freehold property at Acton Street, St. Pancras, to his nephew, Robert Percy Middlemist. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Jane Buckmaster, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1892) of the Hon. Elizabeth Anna Maria Barbara Egerton, late of 100, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who died on June 25, at Tatton Park, Chester, was proved on Aug. 17 by Viscount Bury and the Hon. George Keppel, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testatrix bequeaths all the funds, stocks, shares, or other securities she may possess, upon trust, to pay the income to her niece, Gertrude Lucia, Viscountess Bury, for life, and then for her children (with the exception of her eldest son) as she may by deed or will appoint, and £100 each to her executors. She appoints her said niece residuary legatee.

The Irish probate, sealed at Belfast, of the will (dated April 1, 1885) of Mrs. Mary Hogg Bruce, late of Thorndale, Belfast, who died on May 4, granted to James Bruce, the husband and sole executor, was resealed in London on Aug. 9, the value of the personal estate in Ireland amounting to over £72,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her property of every description, wheresoever and whatsoever, to her husband absolutely.

The will (dated May 16, 1892) of Mr. Francis William Rummens, formerly of The Grove, Pinner, and late of 54, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, who died on July 18, was proved on Aug. 15 by Mrs. Caroline Rummens, the widow, Daniel William Hill, and William Henry Cort-

landt Mahon, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £43,000. The testator bequeaths £200, and all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores, to his wife; his residence in Warrington Crescent, with the stables, and all his household furniture, plate, books, pictures, effects, horses and carriages to his wife for life; an annuity of £1100 to his wife, she maintaining and providing a residence for his daughter, Elinor Frances, while unmarried, or until she shall cease to live with her, and on her ceasing to live with his wife then the annuity to the latter is to be reduced to £950; an annuity of £150 to his said daughter while she shall live with his wife, and on her ceasing to do so an annuity of £300 during the life of his wife; an annuity of £300 each to his sons, Francis William and Charles, during the life of his wife; and two or three other legacies. The remainder of the income of his property is to accumulate during the life of his wife; on her death he gives £800 to his said daughter, and £400 each to his said sons. As to the residue of his estate, he leaves four tenths upon trust for his daughter, and three tenths each to his two sons.

The will (dated March 10, 1893), with a codicil dated June 17, following of Mrs. Sarah Courtney, late of 25, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 19 by John Marks, Frederick Smedley Rich, John Sheppard, and Thomas Francis Courtney, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to Father Pownall towards the building fund of the church he is building at Shepherd's Bush; £200 towards the building of the Roman Catholic Church at Northampton Place, Walworth; £200 to Father Regan in payment of the debt on his church, and £100 to him for the poor of his district; and other legacies. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one moiety upon trust for her said son, and the other moiety upon trust for her daughter, Mary Christina.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Aug. 25, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 7, 1891), of Mr. Henry Sandford Pakenham-Mahon, J.P., D.L., late of Strokestown House, in the county of Roscommon, and Westbrook House, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on March 28, at Cannes, granted to Mrs. Grace Catherine Pakenham-Mahon, the widow, and Algernon Bathurst, the executors, was resealed in London on Aug. 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £29,000. The testator leaves his lands at Carrowntryla, Roscommon, to go with the Strokestown estate, which his wife succeeds to as tenant for life; and all other the lands and hereditaments purchased by him or to which he may be entitled, subject to certain charges thereon, to his son Henry Pakenham-Mahon, who also succeeds to the Pakenham and Mount Sandford estates. There are some other

provisions in his will, and he appoints his wife residuary legatee.

The will (dated April 23, 1870), with two codicils (dated Aug. 12, 1875, and Feb. 13, 1885), of Mr. Alexander Peile Cahill, deputy surgeon major Army Medical Department, retired, formerly of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and late of Eastbourne, who died on June 4, was proved on Aug. 18 by David Logan and Adam Smith Logan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his sister Mary Diana Cahill; £2000, upon trust, for his sister Ann Hall Smith; £1000 each, upon trust, for his sisters Elizabeth Thompson and Isabella Frances Smith; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, David Francis Sitwell Cahill, for life; and then for his children.

The will (dated May 19, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 29, 1892), of Miss Ann Fisher, late of Savernake, Pokesdown, Bournemouth, who died on May 20, was proved on Aug. 17 by Miss Elizabeth Fisher, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to her brother Richard Fisher, to be applied at his entire discretion in blankets for widows and deserving poor of the tithing of Winterbourne, Newbury, Berks; £1000 and her share and interest in certain moneys charged on the Winterbourne estate to her brother Richard Fisher; £3500 to her sister Elizabeth Fisher; £1500 to her brother William Fisher; £25 each to the Church Missionary Society, the A.F.D., Society for the Distressed Clergy, and the Savernake Cottage Hospital, Marlborough; and many other legacies. All her property not otherwise disposed of she gives to her sister Elizabeth.

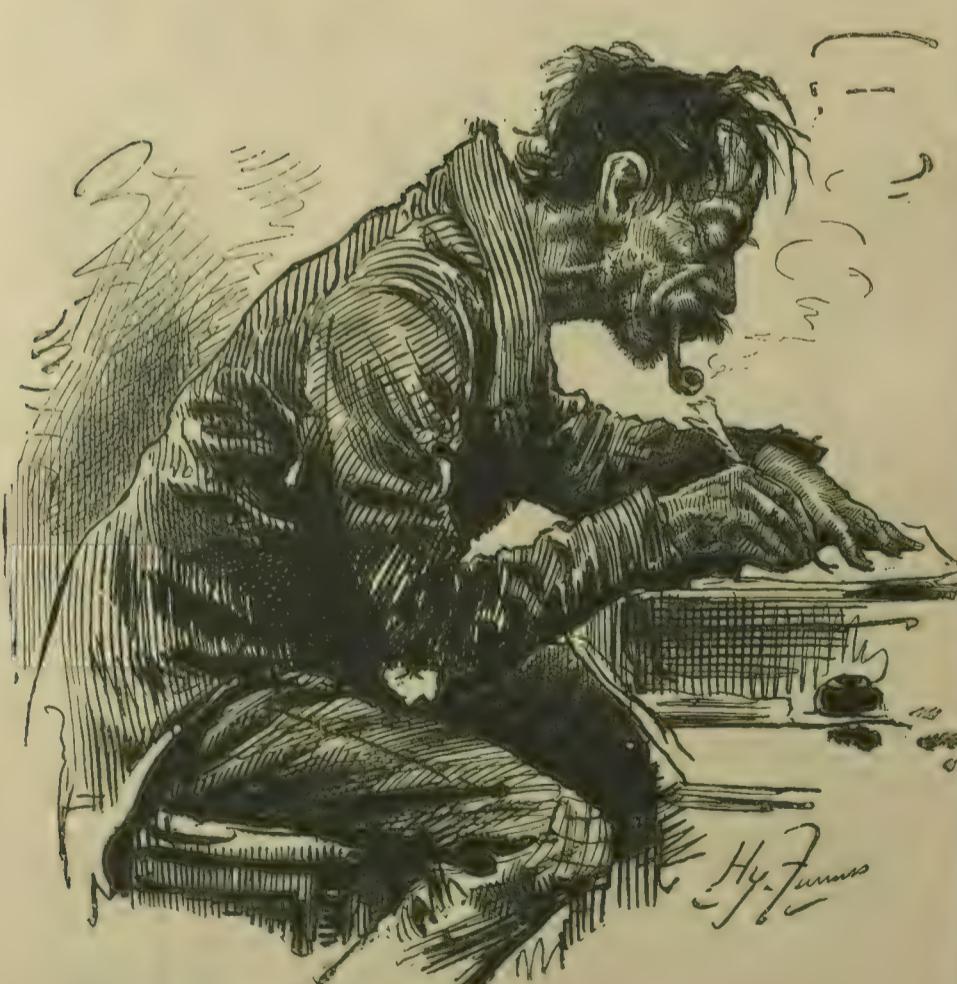
The will and codicil of Mr. John Stuart Roupell, LL.D., D.C.L., D.L., barrister-at-law, late of Brightlands, Richmond, who died on June 27, have just been proved by Mrs. Lilla Rosalie Roupell, the widow, Thomas Hay, and William Harness Simpson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2914.

The will and codicil of the Rev. Charles Edward Moberly, late of 7, Stanley Road, Oxford, who died on July 19, were proved on Aug. 21 by William Octavius Moberly, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4300.

The will of Mr. William Rea, late of Burnwood, Gloucestershire, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Kate Rea, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9334.

In the will of Mr. David Benjamin, reported in our issue of Aug. 19, the name of the fifth executor was, by mistake, printed Arnold Abraham Keith, instead of Arnold Abraham Kuhl.

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—Punch, April 26th, 1884.

Eliza Langtry

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* expresses its accordance with the Welsh members in desiring a direct Bill for Welsh Disestablishment, and not "the obscure and tortuous procedure of a Suspensory Bill." "We have a right to challenge our adversaries to say what they mean; nor in view of the great superiority of strength which they allege can we suppose that they will refuse to take up our challenge. In the name of all we hold dear, let us have a clearly understood issue, and then, if need be, a fair fight. Should the battle go against us, we shall, in such a case, at least be able to recognise the prowess of honourable foes."

It is proposed that some memorial should be raised to the late Professor Pritchard by his surviving pupils, and the Dean of Westminster is mentioned as the friend who might take the lead in its promotion.

The Rev. Hubert Brooke, of Reading, is to take some part in the forthcoming meetings of the Baptist Union in that town. Mr. Brooke is a well-known speaker at the Keswick Conventions, which have done much to draw Churchmen and Nonconformists together, and which become increasingly popular year by year.

The action of the Bishops on the Home Rule question is looked for with great interest. It is understood that not one Bishop, with the possible exception of the new Bishop of Norwich, is in favour of Mr. Gladstone's measure. But opinions differ as to whether it would be wise in the English Bishops to interfere in a political question. One writer says that the "more prudent and faithful sons of the Church will surely pray that their spiritual fathers may abstain from defiling themselves with the 'pitch' of the 'thing accursed.'"

The parish clergy are apparently not in favour of the Parish Councils Bill. The principal point of difficulty is the proposal to transfer the parish charities to the Councils.

One incumbent of twenty-five years' experience trembles to think of "the utter chaos and confusion that would ensue if the incumbent were to be ousted from his proper share in the administration of charitable doles."

Archdeacon Farrar entirely declines to enter into controversy with Canon Knox Little. For Canon Carter he says he feels the "sincere and honourable respect which is always due to a man of holy character who can write with the dignity of a well-bred gentleman and the kindness of a true Christian."

A friend of the lamented Professor Fuller, to whose death I referred last week, says significantly that his sudden failure may be only one more illustration of the adage that it is worry and not work that kills. "Certainly his loving heart and sensitive mind laid him dangerously open to the rubs and casualties of a life which had somewhat more than its share of family and parochial anxieties."

V.

tall, distinguished-looking man with a simple and straightforward manner, which distinguishes him favourably from the traditional Italian statesman. Still taking a keen interest in all that concerns the law, when not actively engaged in his official duties he spends his leisure working in his private study, and is but rarely seen in Roman society. But Signor Giolitti's personality is familiar to the poorer residents of the Eternal City, for he is a great walker, and scarce a day passes but he takes a constitutional in and about the narrow Roman streets. His private life is distinguished by its truly Republican austerity, and his plain living and high thinking are a silent reproach to many of his more frivolous colleagues.

In accordance with the political constitution of Switzerland, a direct vote of popular suffrage, throughout all the Cantons, was taken on Aug. 20, upon a proposition submitted to the Federal Legislature, to prohibit slaughtering animals for food without first using anaesthetics to render them insensible of pain. The result was a large majority of votes for the enactment of this law.

The British South Africa Company's agents and stations in Mashonaland are much disturbed by the unfriendly attitude of Lobengula, King of the Matabele, hitherto their ally and pensioner, and by the raids of Matabele impis into their territory, capturing Mashona natives and killing some of them. Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner, is sending a remonstrance to Lobengula.

A railway from Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, eastward by the Maymo route to Kunlon ferry, on the Salween, to connect that river and its valley with the Irrawaddy, has been authorised by the Indian Government. It is estimated to cost two millions sterling. The projected Simla line, with a road northward to Sultanpoor, in the Kulu valley, and to Lahol, is thought likely to bring much traffic between Tibet and India.

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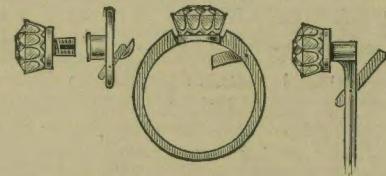
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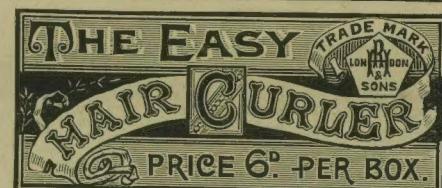
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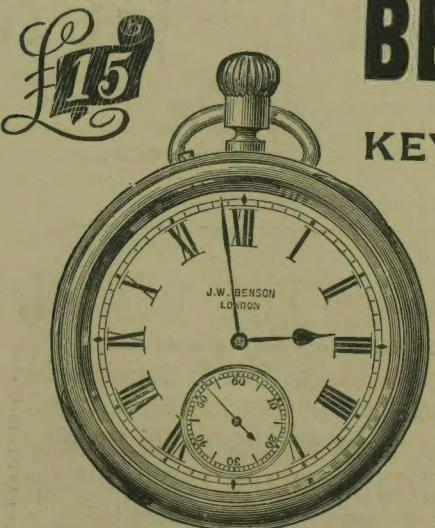
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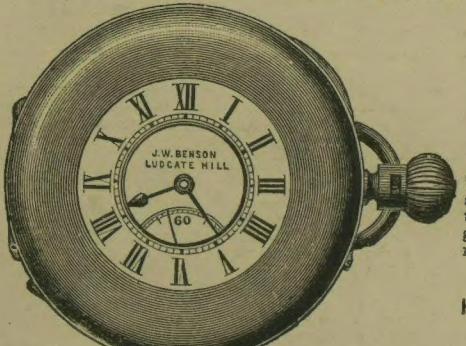


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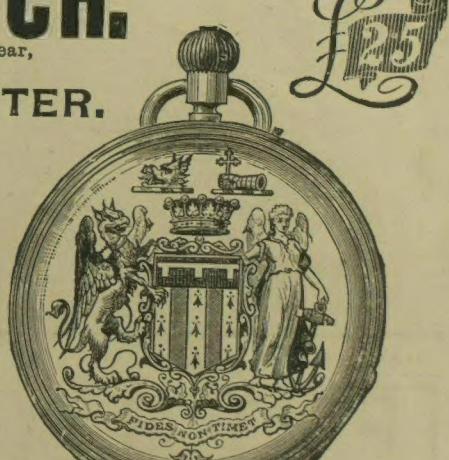
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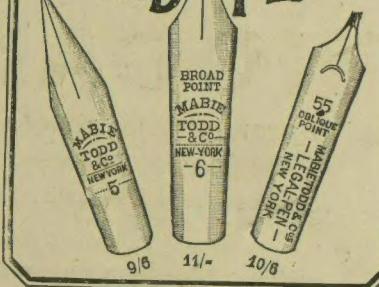
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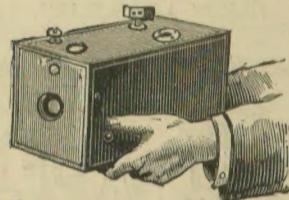
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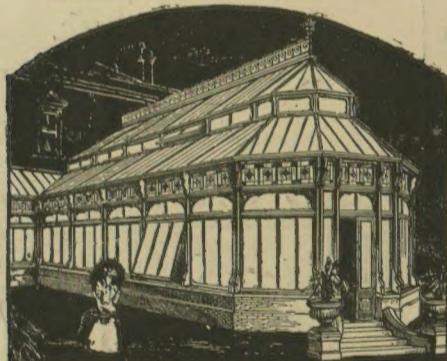


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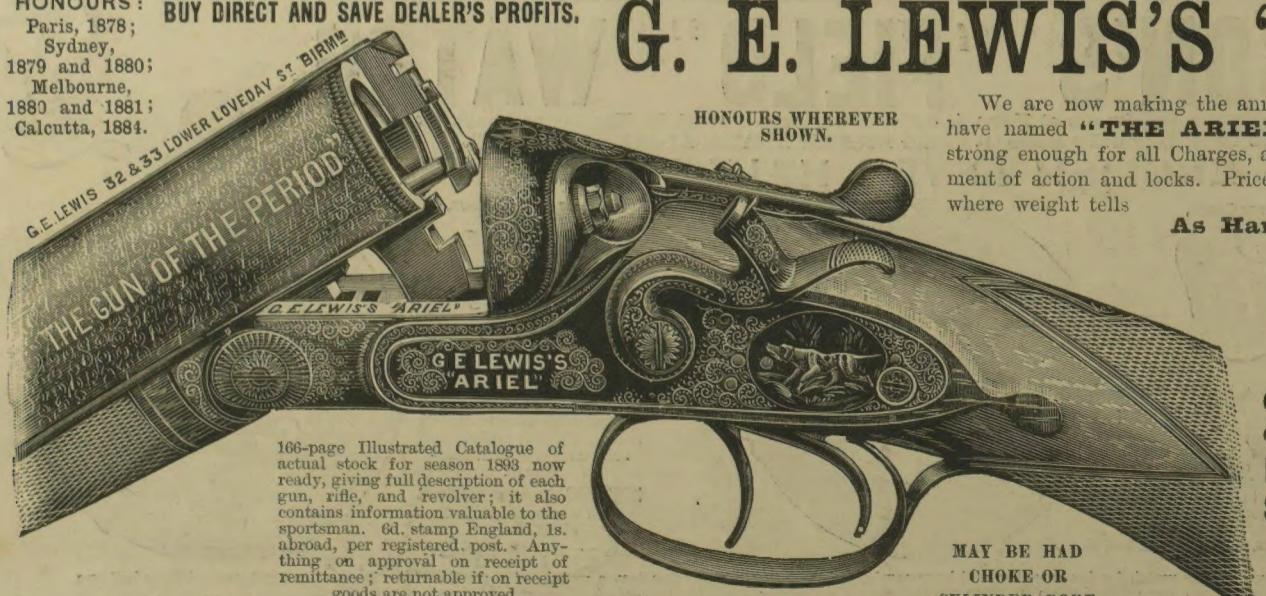
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See *Land and Water*, July 4, 1891; also *Shooting Editor's Report, Bazaar*, May 1, 1891; and *Ironmongery* for July 1891.